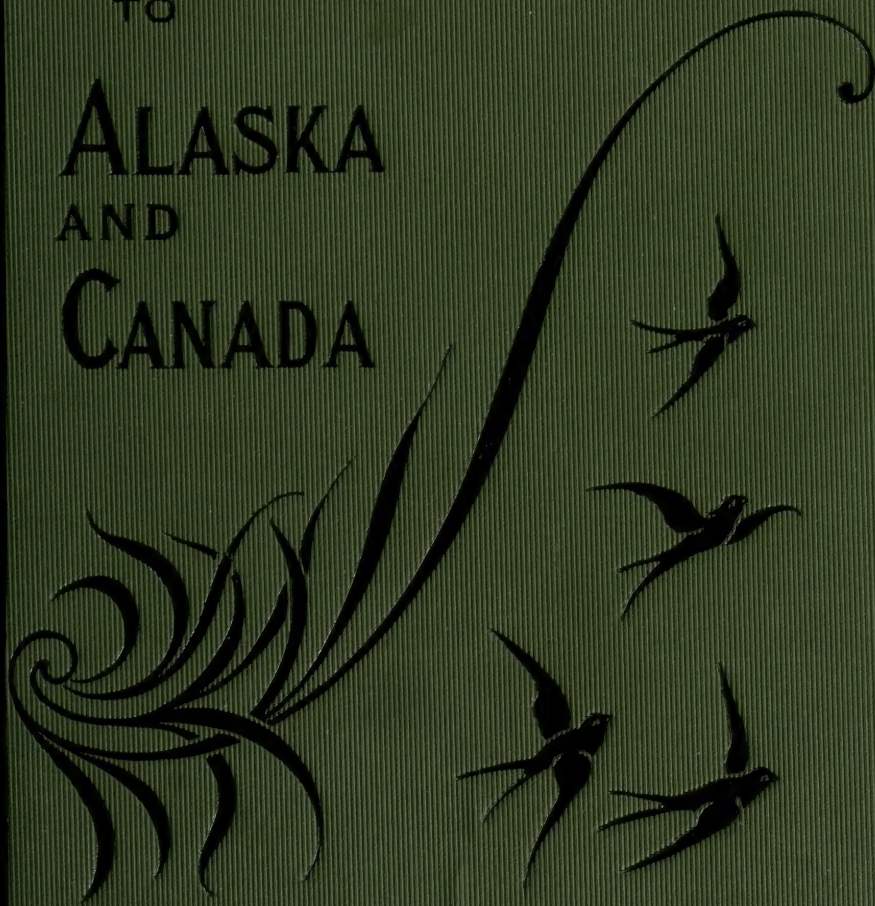


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LITTLE JOURNEYS TO

ALASKA
AND
CANADA





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LITTLE JOURNEYS

TO

ALASKA AND CANADA

FOR INTERMEDIATE AND UPPER GRADES

EDITED BY

MARIAN M. GEORGE

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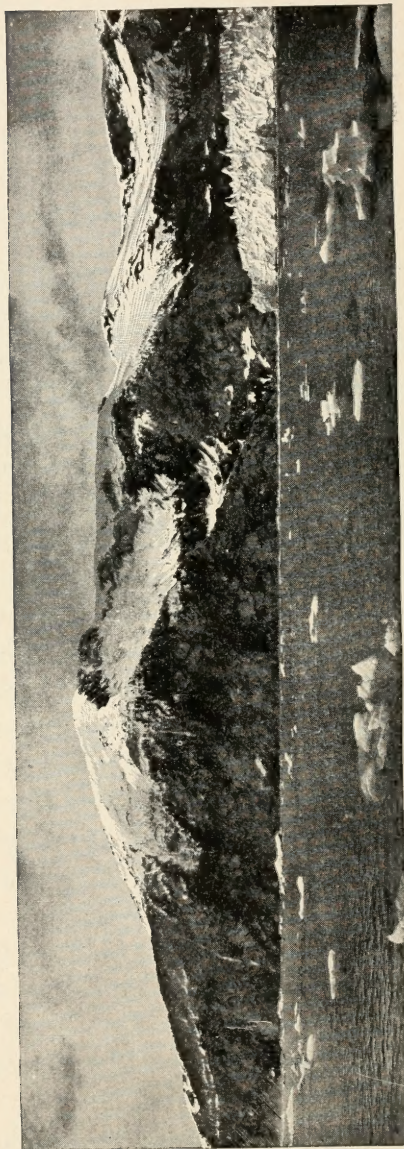
A Little Journey to Alaska.

By EDITH KINGMAN POYER.

Ours really begins to seem like a "life on the ocean wave," doesn't it? What long and delightful voyages we have had! Instead of going to sea for a rest, as most people do, we really have had to leave the ocean for a change. What a happy voyage that was across the Pacific to Hawaii, and then to the Philippines and wonderful Japan and China! But do you remember how sick we all were when we crossed that choppy China Sea, and how, at first, we wished we were at home, and then we didn't care whether we ever lived to get home? Now, being well rested, we may have forgotten all that. But, wouldn't it be more than delightful to have a long ocean voyage, if we knew that every day on the steamer would be one of pleasure, and that no horrid sea-sickness would ever keep us in our cabins, and make us long for home? Then, let us pack our grips and start for that most wonderful of all our possessions, Alaska.

You don't want to go because it is so cold! Nonsense, let us take with us warm clothing, and we will probably be very comfortable, for Alaska is a big country, and we can see many of the wonderful things there without going to the coldest parts.

Where is there another country in which we can see glaciers, icebergs, volcanoes, reindeer, sea-lions, seals,



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THE FOSTER GLACIER.

Courtesy of The Ladies' Home Journal.

(Which Descends to the Sea at the Head of Taku Inlet—not far from Juneau.)

sea-otters, whales, brown, black and polar bears, gold and silver mines, Eskimos and totem poles?

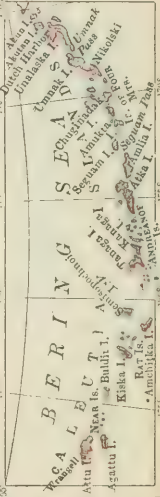
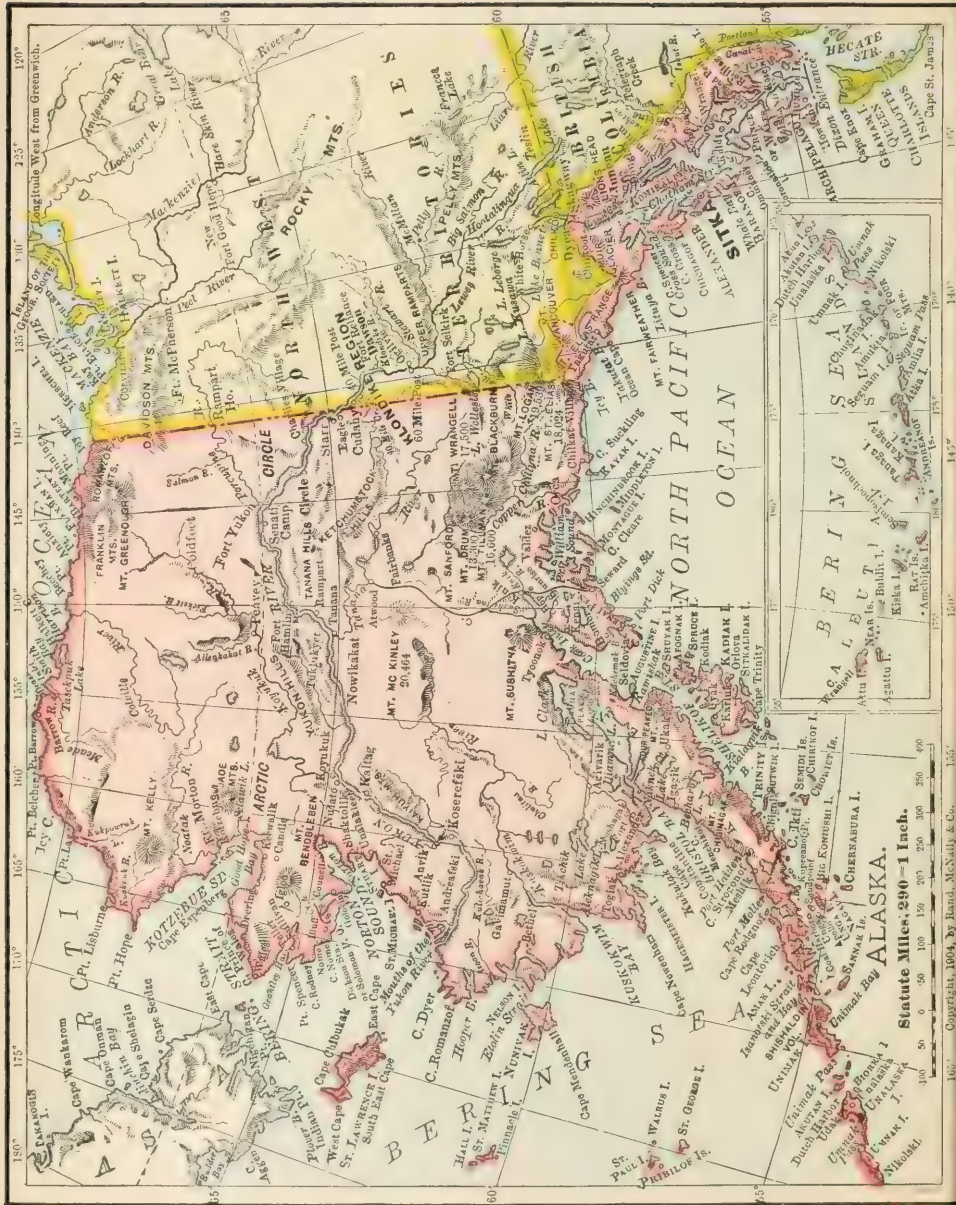
Let us not delay, but make our preparations and start this month, as April is the opening of the season for tourists' trips to the north.

This little journey will be very unlike any we have taken. On every previous ocean voyage there have been many days when we could see no land, but on this trip, every hour will be full of interest. We will enjoy a constant change of scenery, people, and animal life.

While we are making our preparations, let us take our maps, guide books and histories and learn all that we can of Alaska, for the more we know about the country, the more pleasure our visit will give us.

LOCATION, SIZE, AND SURFACE.

Look on your map of North America and you will see Alaska at the extreme northwestern point. It extends from Point Barrow on the north to Dixon Entrance on the south. The cold Arctic Ocean borders it on the north and the broad Pacific Ocean on the west. See what a long broken coast line it has. It has a great many small islands and some large ones bordering it. The southeastern part is made up almost entirely of a great chain of islands. The southwestern part reaches out into the ocean for a great distance. It is like a long arm, and is called a peninsula. It ends in a line of rocky islands, becoming smaller and smaller, until at the extreme point they are very tiny. There are a great many places along the coast where the water reaches up into the land. These are called bays.



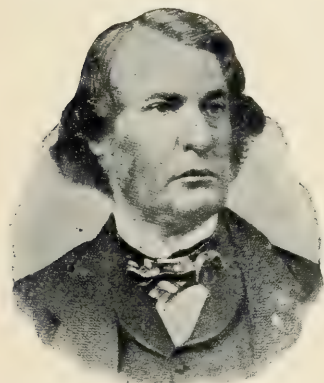
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Alaska is a long ways from the United States, but very near to Russia. Only a narrow strip of water called Behring Strait separates it from Russia, which is a part of Asia.

Alaska is a great country, as you will see. It is over 1000 miles long, more than 700 miles wide, and has an area of 577,390 square miles. It is almost one-sixth as large as the United States and about seven-ninths as large as Mexico. Take your maps, compare them, and see for yourselves.

The name Alaska means "great country" and comes from an Indian one, Alakshak. Don't you think it is a very appropriate name? A famous American, Mr.



CHARLES SUMNER.



W. H. SEWARD.

Charles Sumner, had the honor of naming it, because he said a great deal to influence people to think of it as an important country.

Let us look at our relief maps and learn about the surface of the land we are about to visit. It is what is called a plateau, that is, a high or elevated table

land or flat country with many mountains reaching still higher.

The Cascade Range, which we see in the United States and Canada, extends along the coast of Alaska from the most southern point to the end of the long narrow peninsula. The slopes of many of the mountains are covered with immense glaciers. These are rivers of ice which flow slowly down the mountain side and plunge into the sea in the form of great icebergs as large or larger than a school house. We shall see these wonderful rivers of ice when we get to the far north.

Many of the mountains are volcanoes, always burning, but some are so quiet that the fires inside seem to have gone out. We shall see the greatest numbers of these burning mountains on that long, narrow peninsula which points out into the Pacific Ocean. Sometimes in this chain of islands, which is called the Aleutian, one volcano will form an entire island, while others slope to the sea with quite a bit of level country between.

What is that great river coming from the Rocky mountains in Canada, and flowing clear across Alaska into Behring Sea? It is the Yukon, one of the greatest rivers in North America. Our geographies tell us that it drains all of the great interior of Alaska, and that it is 2040 miles long. Wouldn't you like to float down its whole length on a raft as Lieut. Schwatka did a few years ago? Perhaps when we get there we may have a ride on the river, but we will probably have to ride on a steam boat. At any rate we must see this great river and learn all we can about it, for it has been but a few years since it was explored.

We now know something of the geography of this far away country which we will visit. It must be an interesting country, for hundreds of travelers go there every year. We eagerly get our histories and read everything we can find about the people, the climate and the products.

HISTORY OF ALASKA.

In studying the map of the United States, have you ever wondered why the map of Alaska was in one corner? It is placed there because it is a part of our country. How did we get possession of it? We bought it and paid \$7,200,000 for it.

Why should we buy a country so far away? Because it is a country of untold wealth. There is a great deal of money to be made there from the fur of seals and other animals, from the salmon which is canned and shipped to us, from the codfish, the whales, and gold mines.

If we think that our country paid a great deal of money for it, what do we think when we read that our government has already received over \$84,000,000.00 from the industries of the country? We decide unanimously that it was a pretty good investment. Yet, in 1867, when the purchase was made, many people in our states said that it was too much to pay. If we can do a little sum in arithmetic, we will find that Alaska did not cost our country quite two cents for one acre. That is a very small price compared with the cost of land about our homes.

Now, has any one found out from what country we bought Alaska? It was Russia who sold it to us.

Look on the map and you will see some queer old names of places. These, such as Baranoff, are Russian names, and sound very unlike ours.

Many people who still thought that our government was extravagant called it "Seward's Ice Box." They did that because they did not believe in its great wealth and thought it was so cold that nothing good could ever come from there. When we get there we may be surprised to find it much less cold than we thought.

Mr. William H. Seward was at the time of the purchase our Secretary of State and lived at the capital, Washington, as all of the presidents' cabinets do. He was the means of getting our country to buy Alaska, and he kept persevering and talking about it until it was done. So the people made fun of him and nicknamed the country, but everyone now thinks he was a very wise man, and honors his memory because the buying of Alaska has been a very profitable investment for our country.

Don't you wish you could have been in Alaska when they had the great ceremony of Russia giving up the country to the United States? It was a day of excitement, and happened on October 18, 1867. There was a Russian flag floating from a flag staff on the old castle in Sitka. Look in your dictionaries and see the eagles on the yellow flag of the Czar, and find Sitka on your maps, for that is the first place to which we are going in Alaska.

There were United States soldiers and Russian soldiers lined up all about the castle. Three of our best warships lay in the harbor. The masts were gay with

our national colors. There were speeches, marching, and firing of salutes. When the ceremony was over and the land was actually ours, the Stars and Stripes were hoisted to the top of the flag staff, and our ships thundered a salute with their great guns.

The officers of the Russian government felt very badly when their flag was pulled down and ours was run up; but the Americans who were there treated them very courteously, and in return they felt very kindly toward us.

Now that we know something of the history of the country, we must inquire about the climate, for, in making our preparations for the trip, we must know how to dress ourselves comfortably and properly.

CLIMATE.

We must not think of Alaska as a cold, bleak country, where plants, animals and people cannot live.

A traveler, whose home is in Boston, but who spent a winter in Alaska, says that Sitka has a milder climate in winter than Boston. Such a statement would surprise most people, but, when we crossed the Pacific Ocean to the Philippines, we noticed a great warm river in the ocean called the Japan Current. This flows in a circle rather near to the western coast of North America, and makes a great difference in the climate as far north as the Yukon River. The coast of Alaska would probably be very cold were it not for this, but on account of its influence, people may live in these regions in comfort. When we visit there, the effect of this on the plant life will give us many surprises.

Instead of seeing a cold, frozen country, we shall see the coast all along our course green with vegeta-

tion. True, we shall also see snow, and the glaciers pouring their volumes of ice into the ocean.

There is much rain in Alaska, especially along the coast. We would hardly know what to make of a rain that lasts for days, and sometimes for two and three weeks at a time, but their rains are warm and soft, and are less disagreeable.

In the interior the air is drier and they do not have so much rain; but, when it does come down, the fierce thunder and lightning which often goes with it is terrible.

The greater part of Alaska is very cold—that is in the northern part and in the vast interior, although in the latter the climate varies so much that often the summer heat is intense. We would probably think so if we could see the swarms of huge mosquitoes which flourish there in that season.

Instead of the seasons gradually changing, as they do here, the cold winter follows quickly after summer.

The very pleasantest time of the year is June and July. Then the sun shines most in the long days of summer, which only lasts four months.

The eight months of winter which follow do not have the long daylight that we have, and for seventy days they have no daylight at all except a glow in the sky. Such an appearance in the heavens is called the "northern lights."

It is well that we know something of the climate before we start, for we will need to take our rain coats, umbrellas, and warm clothing for the cold, damp nights. A heavy steamer rug will be very necessary for our comfort on deck.

THE OVERLAND TRIP.

Seattle being the port from which we start on our sea voyage, let us take our maps and select our route to the coast.

As Chicago is a convenient starting place, we notice the lines connecting it with Seattle. Let us go by the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul to Minneapolis and the Great Northern from Minneapolis to Seattle, for these lines are known for their safety and prompt service.

We board the handsome vestibuled train standing in the depot ready for the trip across America. We find the train to be a fine example of comfort, convenience and luxury.

The library is particularly attractive, for here may be found all of the latest magazines, daily papers, and



MINNEHAHA FALLS.
(Between St. Paul and Minneapolis.)

about two hundred well selected books. Writing desks and tables stand invitingly about, and the massive plate glass windows furnish the pleasure of all the passing scenery. It is a luxuriously furnished car.

The elegant coach in which we are comfortably settled, is beautiful in design and coloring, and has every convenience for the promise of a most delightful overland trip.

One day out from Chicago, and we are rushing into St. Paul, onward in plain sight of the Falls of St. Anthony, and the largest flouring mills in the world. Now we are getting our first glimpse of the Mississippi River, and crossing it, steam into Minneapolis. Onward we go, leaving Minnesota behind, and entering the land of the Dakotas.

The Great Northern is taking us through a country of magnificent scenery. We cross no deserts or sandy wastes. In turn we will follow the three great rivers of our continent, the Mississippi, the Missouri and the Columbia. In fact we are crossing, in the most luxurious manner, the most beautiful country between the Great Lakes and Puget Sound.

Still westward, climbing the Rocky Mountains in Montana in full view of imposing scenery. The track on ledges of solid rock winds around huge peaks with startling suddenness.

We have but to cross the state of Washington and our overland journey will be ended. Far below we can see the beautiful blue Columbia River, hazy and dim from our height. To get to the plain below we descend in great horse shoe curves, swinging across one steel trestle after another. Finally the river is reached.



SNOWQUALMIE FALLS IN WASHINGTON.



A LOGGING TEAM.

What are those immense rafts coming down the stream? We look again and see that they are vast logs making their way to saw mills.

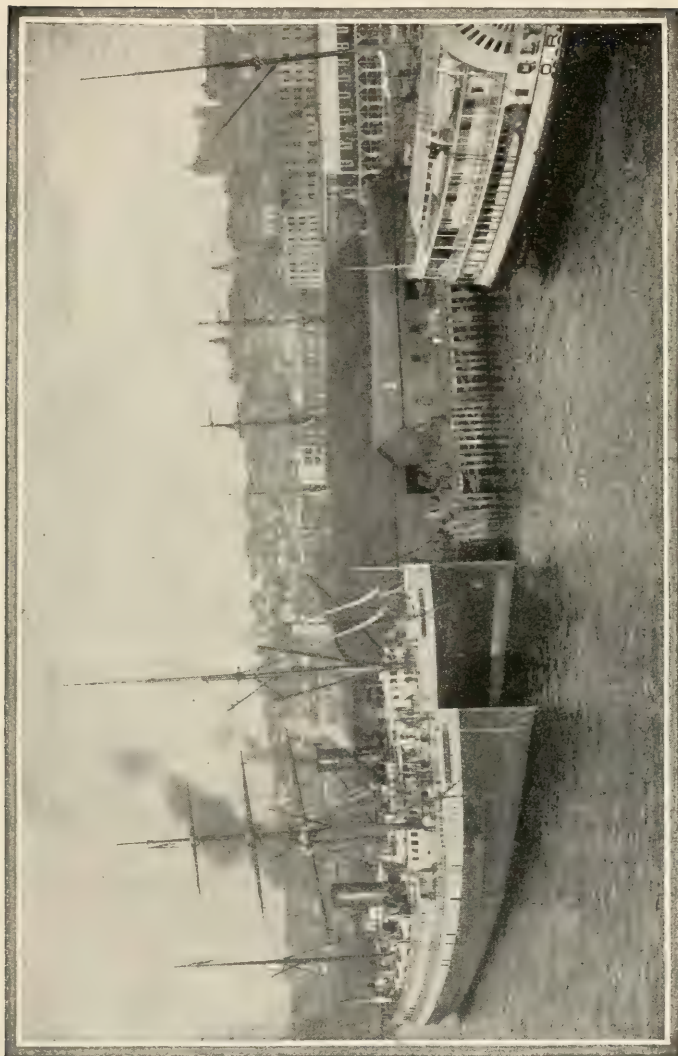
In Washington we see everywhere evidences of the lumber industry. Giant firs and cedars keep the numerous shingle and saw mills busy.

Now we steam into Seattle and at once seek our boat to get settled for the long voyage. But let us keep our eyes open and see what we can of this busy city from our carriage window.

Seattle seems to be a hustling western city. Every person walks with a quick step, going about his business. As we ride along we see rows of fine, modern business blocks lining the streets. Someone tells us it is called the "Queen City of the West."

Seattle is located on Puget Sound. It is called a sound because its waters are shallower than the ocean and their depth can be quite easily told with a sounding line. The Sound is so nearly surrounded by land that it is called "land-locked," and this is what makes it such a fine harbor. The waves of the ocean cannot rush in and make it rough.

The harbor is full of ships, some unloading, some coming slowly in. See that great ship being piled full of lumber to be shipped to some foreign country. There is one unloading tons and tons of coal. Here



HARBOR OF SEATTLE.

is a ship which is going to swing up to the wharf. It must be a freight ship, for we can see boxes and boxes piled high. What is in them? Let us look closer. They are all marked "Alaska Salmon." The hold of the ship contains more boxes and barrels. Safely stowed away from dampness are hundreds of furs packed in salt to be preserved till they reach the end of their journey. At Seattle they will be unloaded, shipped to New York and then to London to be prepared, dyed and ready to be made into cloaks and other garments. These furs, too, have come from Alaska, and if we could open the barrels we would find seal, otter, fox, mink, bear, and beaver furs. The ship has also a quantity of whalebone on board.

Here comes a boat loaded with passengers on deck ready to land the first moment the gang plank is lowered. Let us look at their faces and see what we can tell of them. Some look very happy and eager. Probably they are returning from the gold fields with precious nuggets, or perhaps bags of gold dust they have washed from the beach or the rivers. Some are returning with fortunes. Some have a look of disappointment. They, too, may have been to Alaska in search of gold, and were not so fortunate. The gold is there, but many men have spent all they had and then found nothing.

THE VOYAGE.

Suddenly there is a long blow of the whistle and we hurry on board. The whistle sounds again, the ropes are cast off, the gang plank is pulled in and we are sailing up the waters of the Sound.

After a short run we put into Port Townsend. Our

captain reports his passengers and cargo to the government officials. He gets his "clearing papers" or permission to leave the port, and now we are really and truly off for Alaska.

To go to Alaska we do not go out upon the broad ocean at all, that is if we go to the places tourists usually do. The first city we intend to visit is the old capital, Sitka. Tracing the route of the northern steamers, we see that all the way, our ship steams between the coast and the islands that border it. That is the reason travelers to Sitka are never seasick. The big waves of the ocean are kept out, and the narrow passages of water on which our voyage is made are, with one or two exceptions, very quiet. About half way to Sitka is a passage called Seymour Narrows, where the tides come in at both ends and meet. At high tide the current is very strong, and the captain has to be very watchful and enter when the tide is going out, or his ship will be caught in the whirling waters and wrecked.

Ships do not go direct to Sitka, but by way of Juneau and Skagway, two important cities to be visited later on. This takes us quite a ways north of Sitka, and the ship has to turn back and go around the southern point of Baranoff Island, on which Sitka is located, before reaching the port.

Our course takes us past some of the most magnificent scenery in the world. We see high snow-capped mountains, waterfalls, and glaciers. The views are wild and picturesque. As we go farther north, the days get longer, and the nights shorter. At nine o'clock without lights we can see quite easily to read.



ALASKA'S CAPITAL.

(The Old Russian Settlement at Sitka.)

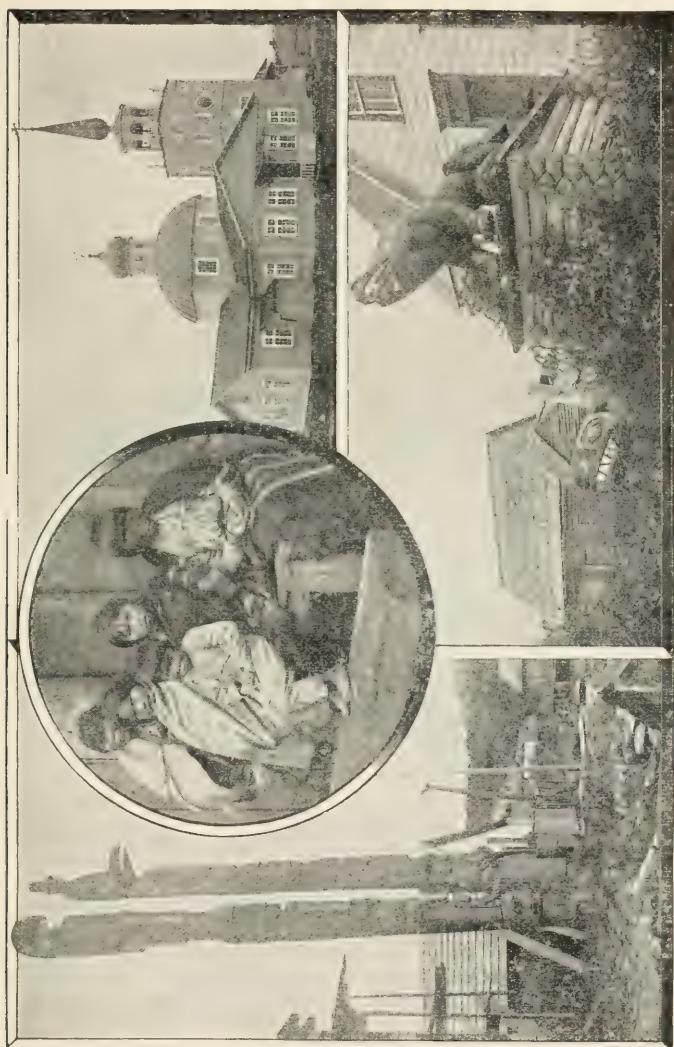
Photograph by W. H. Partridge. Published by courtesy of the *Ladies Home Journal*.
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After a voyage of over 1300 miles we sail into one of the prettiest bays to be seen on this or any other continent. The loud whistle of our steamer has told of our coming long before we reach the wharf, and the welcome tidings of "steamer day" is brought to the inhabitants of the old town, all of which seem to be down to the shore to greet us. All are eager for news from home, as they call the United States, and wait anxiously for their letters.

SITKA.

Many Indians are standing about the wharf, and as they have a large settlement here, they have wandered down to the boat to satisfy their curiosity.

We have but a day to spend in Sitka, as there is no provision in the town for large parties of tourists. We leave our baggage on the boat, and start out for a day of sight seeing.



GREEK CHURCH.
AUK INDIAN GRAVES.

INDIANS.

TOTEMS.

Lincoln, the one street of Sitka, leads from the wharf into the town. At the head of the street, and but a short distance away, is the famous old Greek church. It is the most prominent building in the town and we make our first visit there.

The great blue dome, and peculiar spire shaped like a slender bulb, can be seen from all parts of the town, and from the bay as the boat comes in.

It is a wooden building one story high. The outside is plain, but the inside is very costly and beautiful. It was built in the old days of the Russian government, as all



INTERIOR OF GREEK CHURCH.

of that nationality who were here worshipped in this quaint little building. The Russians who are still here, and many of the Indians, attend this church. It contains many beautiful Bible pictures, framed in massive gold and silver. The altar decorations are very costly, and bright with gold trimmings.

The chime of bells which calls to service is a welcome sound in the quiet, sleepy old town.

Let us now go and visit the ruins of the old castle.

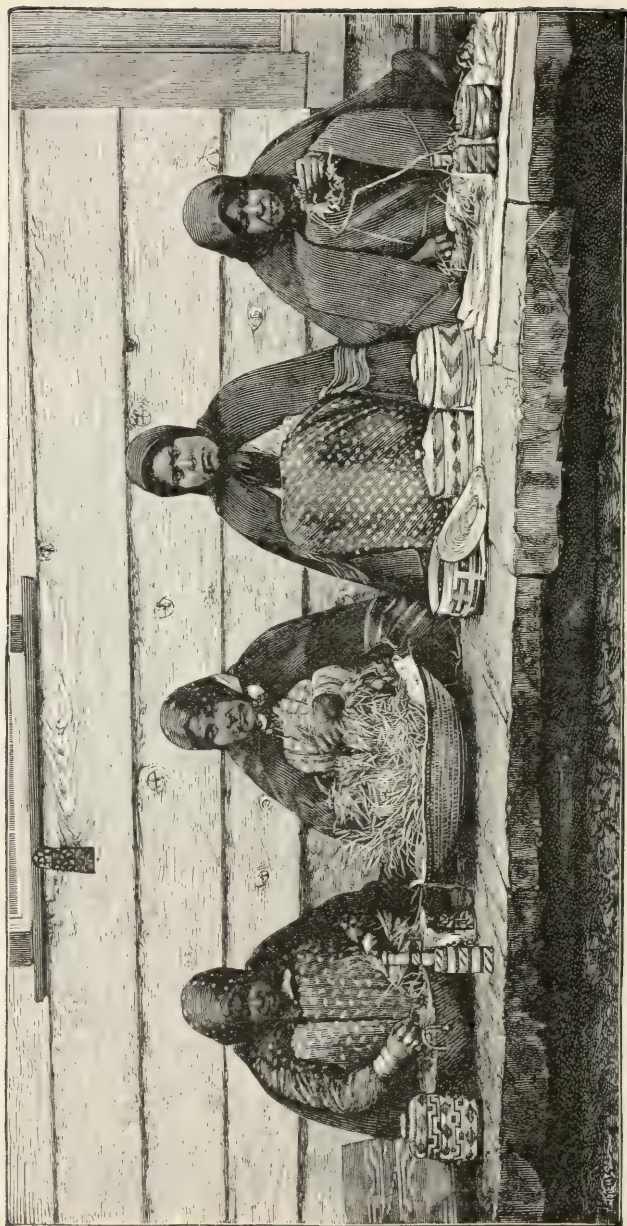
From there we can see over the whole town and off into the bay. We understand from the location why the Russian governors chose this site for their castle long years ago. It was called Baranoff Castle in honor of one of the first governors. It was built in 1813 of huge logs, and furnished with beautiful things brought from Russia. It must have been of great historical interest, for in 1892 our government paid \$11,000 to have it repaired. Very soon afterward it caught fire and was partially destroyed.

It was the scene of many gay parties in the old Russian days, and many stories are told of the festivities there. The Russian officers also had a great deal of company and gave many banquets in the immense dining room, which extended the whole length of the mansion.

Although Sitka has been the capital of Alaska for many years, it has been decided to move the seat of government to Juneau as soon as suitable buildings can be erected. The city of Juneau has direct communication with all of the industries of the country. It is easy to reach by steamer and is close to the mining districts of the interior.

The population of Sitka consists of Americans and a tribe of Indians called Thlinkets, or, as they prefer to be called, Alaskans. There are now about four hundred of the white population, and over a thousand Indians.

We find all nations represented among the white population, but most of the people are Americans. They live in rather small but comfortable houses, very plainly built, but patterned after their former homes in the United States. They are people of culture



INDIAN MERCHANTS.

and refinement, and have had all of the best advantages of education and travel. Some have come to Alaska to fill government positions, some for commercial and trading purposes, and some through large mining interests. They like the country so well that they have decided to make their homes here always. They have taken with them fine libraries, handsome furniture, and dainty bric-a-brac, and their homes have an air of luxury which we are surprised to find. Their cordiality is charming, and the hospitality of many of their cozy homes is enjoyed by us in our short visit.

The Indians of Sitka live to the west of the town. They come over to the white settlement to church, to school, and to sell the fancy articles which they make, such as hammered silverware, basket work and curios. With their money they make purchases of clothing, groceries, and—molasses. Wouldn't it seem queer if, at our homes, we had to get permission from an officer before we could buy molasses? Yet, that is what the Indians of Sitka have to do, and they are then allowed to get only a small quantity. If they could get all of the molasses they wanted, they would get drunk. "Drunk on molasses!" you exclaim. Yes, they mix it with water and some other ingredients, and let it ferment. It makes the vilest drink you can imagine. They think it is delicious and call it "hoochinoo." We overheard one old Indian say to the merchant. "Plenty molasses, plenty hoochinoo, plenty drunk; no molasses, no hoochinoo, no drunk."

We are sorry to say that they have learned this terrible habit from unscrupulous traders among the



INDIAN CHIEF.

whites. Our government is very strict, and tries to keep liquor entirely out of their reach. It makes them like madmen to get a drink. The women are quite as fond of it as the men, and if liquor was at hand they would pay any price to get it.

Here is a party of Indians who are leaving the store. They have finished their trading and are returning to their vil-

lage. Let us follow them to their homes, which are in what is termed "the ranche."

What are those queer-looking objects looming up in front of some of the houses? They look like great, thick telephone poles, only not so tall. They are curiously carved from bottom to top. Let us get close to them and examine the carving.



TOTEM POLES, ALASKA.

Perhaps we can find out about them from that wrinkled faced old Thlinket sitting near them. We ask her, and she says "Totems! Totems!"

We learn from her that many years ago every Indian family who had any wealth had one of these in front of his door. The more riches he owned the higher he erected his totem. Then, too, the carvings tell the



ALASKA INDIANS.

history of the family. They had as great a pride in the totems as some people do in their coat-of-arms or crests.

The carving cannot be called anything but grotesque. Sometimes these figures are persons, animals or footprints. They are always topped by a huge figure of an animal or of a person's head. If a head, it may be covered by a hat, so old-fashioned in shape as to have been worn about four hundred years ago. The eyes glare savagely at us, but they cannot hurt us.

Some of the Indians spend much of their time in the winter, carving small totem poles to sell to tourists during the summer season. They would not part with those in front of their doors. They are no more willing to do that than we are to part with a precious family heirloom. But the custom of totems is passing away with the growing up of the young people, who want to do things like the Americans in every way.

The finest totem poles in Alaska are not here in Sitka, but at old Fort Wrangell, which we passed on our voyage. If we keep a close watch, on our return voyage we may see them from the boat.

Their homes are ordinary frame houses one and two stories in height, facing the street, and put up with regularity. These houses are homely, but they are comfortable, and most of them well furnished. They have tables, chairs, bedroom sets, lamps and mirrors. They have bought these from naval officers or government officials, who, on going away, sold their household goods. An Indian owns the finest sideboard in Sitka. It is used for a cupboard and clothes press.

We find most of the houses partitioned off into rooms, but when the missionaries first went there scarcely any family had more than one room.

Their houses are all white-washed outside and inside for the sake of cleanliness. At first, the government officials had to force the Indians to do this, by fining them if they did not. An Indian thinks a fine is a most terrible punishment. He doesn't mind being locked up, but he does hate to part with his money.

The Alaskan Indians are not noted for their natural cleanliness, but their condition is continually improving. This has been brought about by the tidy habits the children have formed in school. We will visit the mission schools when we return to the other part of the town, for, you remember, they are located down by the beach on that pretty road.

The Indians dress "United States fashion," as they call it. In every thing they want to pattern after our country. It has been a great help to their condition that they have such a pride.

Formerly they dressed in blankets. Some of the wealthiest wore beautiful blankets, for which they often traded articles which to them were worth large sums. They still own blankets, but use them in ornamentation rather than as necessary clothing.

The beautiful blankets are the Chilkat, made by a tribe by that name. These Indians live some distance farther north. The blankets which they make are from the wool of mountain goats. They dye the wool brilliant colors and weave them into fancy designs. The borders are rich and heavy and finished on one side by a deep fringe almost as wide as the blanket itself.

These they still wear at all public ceremonies, and feel very aristocratic in their handsome costumes. When we try to buy one and find that many of them bring \$100, we do not wonder that they are proud of them.

The pride in blankets is peculiar, not only to the Sitkans, but to all of the Indian tribes of Alaska, except the Eskimo of the far north. We will visit him later and see also how he lives and dresses.

The Alaskan Indians marry now the same as all other civilized people do. The missionary often performs the ceremony. Sometimes it is the Russian priest.

The young people who have had a good chance in the mission schools, make very happy homes, and take with them customs which help to improve the habits of their parents.

Formerly, marriage was looked upon as a trade, and the trade was nearly always made with blankets. Sometimes the bridegroom had to give as many as a hundred blankets to get his bride. Then the father of the bride was required to give in return to the family of the bridegroom, a present worth at least half as much as the blankets.

The girl had to remain in seclusion for months before her marriage, often fasting for several days at a time. During this long period she always worked industriously making baskets, blankets, or bead moccasins.

At the ceremony the relatives and friends assembled. The bride was dressed in a gay blanket. The ceremony consisted of presents, a feast, and speech making, but you must remember that the bridegroom was

not there. After the guests were all gone, he was sent for. He came, and was always dressed in his oldest blanket. His bride then presented him with a handsome new one. He smoked for ten minutes in silence, and then the couple left for their new home.

The Alaskan Indian women have always been treated with much more kindness than those of any of the other native tribes. They are shown no special affection, but a great deal of respect. The women are consulted in business, and many of them take care of the money for the family.

They are said to be very shrewd in making trades, and when much is at stake, the men generally leave the women to finish the bargains.

These Indians are a social people, and in the course of our walk about their village, they invite us to a dance in the evening. This promises to be something unusual, and with much anticipation we accept.

Probably nowhere in our travels will we see such absurd performances. Their manner of dancing differs from that of any we have ever seen. As a rule they plant their feet firmly on the floor, and with their knees slightly bent, sway about in a ridiculous way. Once in a while they bound forward or turn with a sudden jerk. The men are much more violent in their movements than the women.

The part which attracts us most is their dress. Their handsomest blankets are worn. This gives us an opportunity to see some of those famous and costly Chilkat blankets. They also adorn their heads with queer looking hats. Some of them are cone shaped and made of woven bark and roots. Some of the hats

are trimmed with ermine skins. Some of them wear curiously shaped and painted masks. If they do not wear masks they paint their faces with black and red stripes. Each dancer is dressed as gorgeously as his means will afford. Many carry whistles, rattles or drums, and make all the noise they can. In a Sitkan dance, the more din and uproar, the finer the dance is supposed to be.

If their dances are so amusing, what must their theatres be? Yet, it is said that they get up theatricals of a most entertaining nature. Each one tries to represent himself in dress and actions as a certain character. "The Evil Spirit," "Summer," "Whale Killer," "Halibut," "Bear," or "Mt. St. Elias," are some of the favorite impersonations.

They creep, hop, bend, spin around like a top, or do any movement to represent their part. Each during his performance sings a song. And what wild, weird singing! They start in the highest key they can reach, and drop suddenly to the lowest. It is almost impossible for a white man to learn one of their tunes. Yet they are very fond of music.

The women have a song called "The Berry Pickers." When they are berrying they sing this to scare away the bears. It is a wonder that it doesn't scare all of the game out of the country.

CHILD LIFE.

One of the first things we notice in "the ranche" is the large number of happy children playing about.

The little Thlinkets enjoy themselves playing out of doors from morning to night. Rain or shine, it is all

the same. On rainy days they can play in the mud puddles, and on sunny days they can play in the sand.



INDIAN BABIES.
Pappoose.

The babies are much loved, and tenderly treated. Their little bodies are rubbed and rubbed with oil, and they are wrapped in soft mosses and blankets.

They play about the door step when they are old enough to toddle, fall down and cry, get under people's feet, and eat bread and sugar just the same as

their little white brothers in the other part of the town do.

When they are older they cram their little stomachs with wild berries, which grow here so plentifully. They go down to the beach in their bare feet and wade about, floating little chips for boats and playing "be a fisherman."

Probably the boys don't have any more fun than the girls. The boys play ball and tag, and the girls dress their dolls. They often make their own, and they love them none the less because their heads are made out of smooth pebbles.

They play many very happy games and get much fun out of the guessing ones, of which there are many. We learn one which is called the game of "Ha-goo."

Do you want to know how to play it? You can't play unless you keep a sober face. See if you can do it.

Choose sides and name a leader. Both sides form in line facing each other. The leader goes forward carrying a stick with a bright rag floating from it. A little girl from the opposite side comes to meet him, and carry off the banner. She must keep a sober face, while all on the opposite side laugh, and make faces, and comical speeches. If she smiles, she is "out," and can't play. This is kept up until one only is left. He is the victor, and his side wins the game.

While the children are young they must begin to work, because they expect to have homes of their own and must learn how to provide for their families.

The boys are taught many things in school, but outside they learn to fish and hunt. They learn to skillfully manage a canoe even in the stormiest weather.



INDIAN BOY.

The girls learn how to keep house, and clean and cook the game which their brothers bring home. They pick berries and dry them for winter, and also learn to sew and embroider. When a little girl has learned how to do all of these things well, she has a party. The boys are invited with the girls. The little hostess must cook everything which they have for their feast. After they eat they go down to the beach and have a great frolic. After all, it isn't so bad to be a little Indian boy or girl. Is it?

THE MISSION SCHOOLS.

When the Russians owned the country they had schools for the whites, but none for the Indians. After the United States bought Alaska the schools were

forgotten for eleven years. It was through the efforts of the missionaries that they were reopened.

When they first came to Alaska from our country, they found the Indians in a very different condition from which we see them. They had their superstitious belief in the "evil spirit," and such a thing as going to church never entered their heads. They spent their Sundays the same as any other day, in hunting and fishing. Some spent their time carving and some in drinking and rioting. It looked rather hopeless to get such people to church. How do you suppose it was done? By asking them? No. The plan of the missionaries was a beautiful one.

They secured some old Russian barracks. They were nearly falling to pieces, but it was the best they could do. They gathered there one Sabbath morning and began to sing the Moody and Sankey hymns. They had purposely left the door open, and soon the Indians began to gather about. No one noticed them, and so they stole in one by one. They were charmed with the music. In a short time there were one hundred and fifty Indians seated on the floor in front of the singers. What a queer looking congregation they must have been! They were dressed in blankets, and many of their faces were painted black and red.

The missionaries talked to them, but of course they could not have understood a word, if it had not been interpreted for them by a kind Russian. They sang more songs, and then told more Bible stories. The service lasted for hours, and the Indians sat, listening quietly.

These Indians told the others, and the next Sunday

there were many more, but talking was very difficult because the Indians could not understand. The Indians were so interested that they wanted to learn to speak English, and so the first plans were made for a mission school.

When the first school was started, how do you suppose it looked? Do you think it was in a pretty, neat little school house? It was in one room of an old rickety building. Fifty Indian men, women, and children were at the door the first morning, curious and eager to see what would be done.

Let us see how the school room was furnished. There were no desks. Two tables were all that could be supplied. There were twenty benches, a stove, two brooms, one box of chalk, and an old, warped piece of blackboard which a kind priest loaned them.

What did they do for books? Among all the white people there were found only six primers. These six books had to be used for fifty people, but the earnest teacher knew how to manage. He taught them from the old blackboard, and they learned so well that in one month thirteen could read in the primers, and twenty-five knew all of the letters.

The school grew every day and in a short time the teacher had three hundred pupils. Think of one teacher with three hundred pupils! But after a while he had some help and then they learned still faster.

These Indians, many of them grown up men and women, had never been to school before, and they had many bad habits. One of them was—*tardiness*. They would straggle in at all hours in the morning, and the teacher was very much troubled by it. Finally he

broke them of it. How do you suppose he did it? You never can guess, so we must tell you.

The Indians were happier in learning to write than in doing anything else. They could not bear to miss one minute of this delightful lesson. So the teacher had the writing lesson the very first thing in the morning, and you may be sure that the Indians hurried around to be there on time. In this way they were completely broken of the habit.

The most interesting part of their school life was the founding of the industrial schools. The nicest story of all is that these large, white, neatly painted school buildings came about through the children's eagerness to live in a cozy home, and learn from the printed books.

We must not forget that only a few years ago in "the ranche" the houses were dirty, and many lived in one house, which probably had but one room. The boys thought the old school room so delightful, so neat and attractive, that they begged to stay there all of the time. They did not want to go back to the crowded, noisy homes at night. They said they would take care of themselves, hunt their own food, sleep on the floor in their blankets, and jump about if they were cold. So they were allowed to do so.

The boys kept their promises. They washed in the ocean, and used a piece of tin for a looking glass. They caught salmon and packed it for winter food. They made little gardens about the school and grew potatoes and cabbages. They also made curios which were sent to the United States and sold. This money bought them clothes and books.

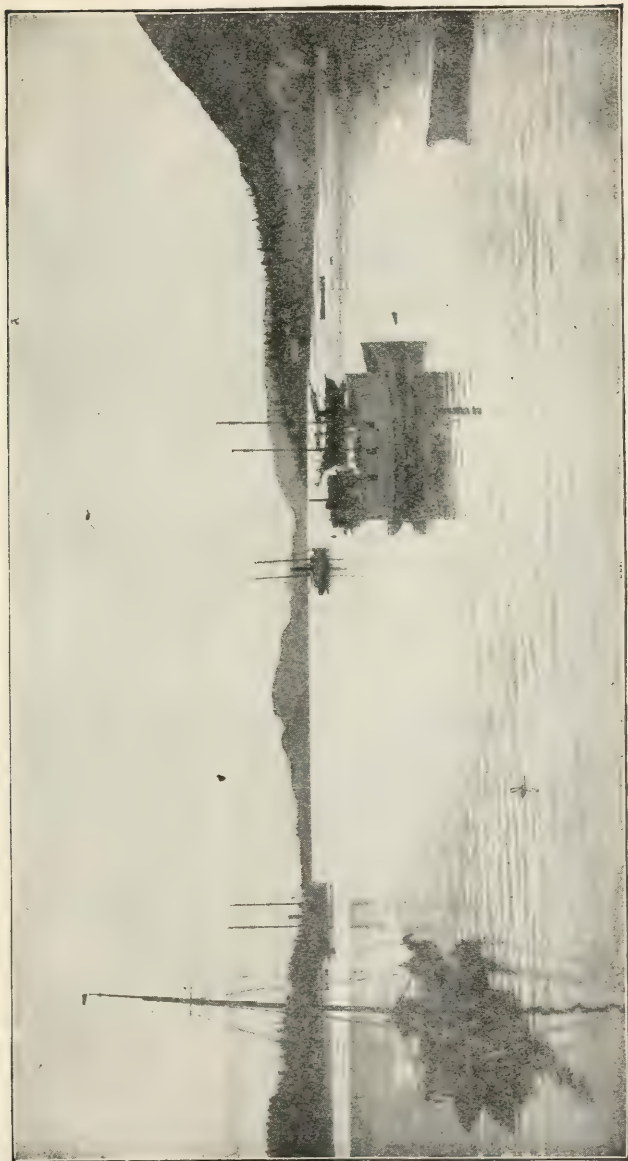
When the people of our great, rich country realized how these neglected children were trying to help themselves, they sent them money for a school building. They also sent them an organ, a bell, a cook stove, and quite a number of little beds to furnish a dormitory for the boys.

The boys were now perfectly happy; but one day the building caught fire. If we could only have seen them then! They never thought of themselves or their own little belongings, but rushed about trying to save their teacher's things. One boy dashed through the fire crying: "I will save my teacher's furniture if I die in the flames. I am not afraid to die!"

When they could do no more, they stood about and wept. Yes, the grown up Indian men actually cried when they saw the beloved school in ruins.

But now the best thing of all happened to them. The missionaries secured enough money to build a larger, handsomer building than before, and furnish it completely. Since then, more buildings have been put up, a separate one for the girls, and a shop where the boys can learn all of the trades. The girls learn to sew and to keep house, and these children have so much pride in doing things well, that upon leaving school they take all of that beautiful way into their parents' homes, and that is what has made this Indian city known for its thrift and industry.

The Presbyterian Board of Missions has worked faithfully all of these years to help their founder, Dr. Sheldon Jackson, to improve the condition of the natives. Our government has aided them and the school and church advantages are growing better all the time.



SUNSET AT SITKA, ALASKA.

There are two other large mission schools in Alaska and several smaller ones widely scattered. One at New Metlakahla, passed on our voyage, and founded by Mr. William Duncan. He went alone, the only white man among them, and taught them in books, and how to live. It is now a fine village of intelligent, industrious natives of the Haida tribe. There is also a large and flourishing mission for the Tinnehs of the interior, at Koserefski, on the Yukon River. This is supported by the Catholic church.

Before leaving the mission grounds, let us step into Jackson Museum, named for the founder of the schools. It is fitted up like the home of a native chief, with a totem pole at the entrance. Inside we see a large collection of interesting specimens. These were collected from all parts of Alaska, and give us a good idea of the products of the country. Many of them were gathered by Dr. Jackson in his travels about all parts of the territory.

We have visited all of the interesting points in Sitka, and have learned much of the people of Alaska, but Sitka is not all of this great country, and we must be moving on to the largest city in Alaska, and its capital, Juneau.

JUNEAU, THE LARGEST CITY IN ALASKA.

The trip from Sitka to Juneau is made through narrow, rocky passages, one so dangerous as to be called Peril Strait.

We look at our maps and find Juneau north and east of Sitka. It is situated on the mainland of North America.

Before we get into Juneau let us notice the situation.



Photograph by W. H. Partridge.

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A FAMOUS ALASKAN MINING CENTRE—THE TOWN OF JUNEAU.

Tall, dark mountains rise behind it. It seems to snuggle at the base, and the buildings are so thick that they look as though they would be pushed out into the bay.

The whole town apparently is down to meet the boat. "Steamer day" is looked for as eagerly here as in Sitka.

Juneau is quite a city. It has a population of twenty-five hundred people, besides the settlement of Auk Indians on its outskirts.

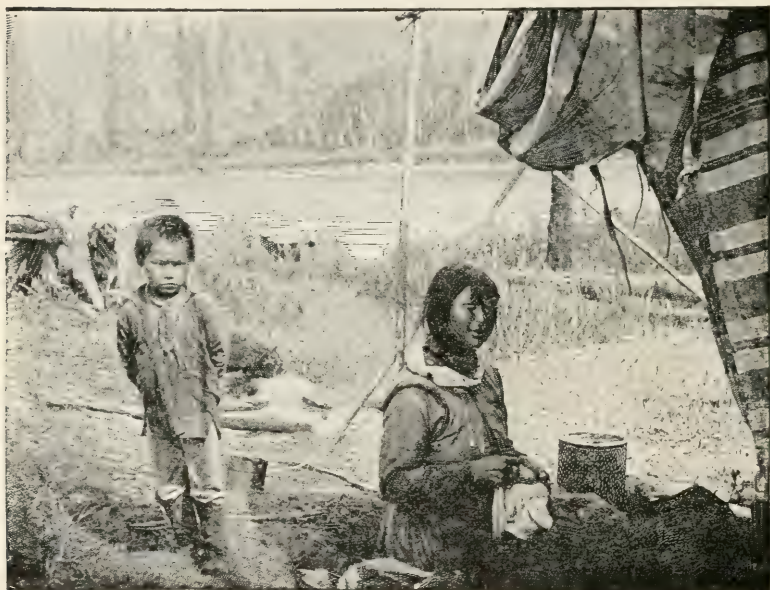
It is a modern city having fine water works, and electric lights.

Juneau is not so old a town as Sitka, but it has grown fast, because it was, for a time, the place where most of the Klondike miners purchased their supplies. Now there is a town still nearer to the mining district, and Juneau will not continue to grow as fast. But it is a thriving city, and the people all go about with an air of business.

The homes are put up for comfort. They are very plain, and the streets are few.

THE AUK INDIANS.

The Indian suburb of Juneau is not reached by a



AUK INDIAN CAMP.

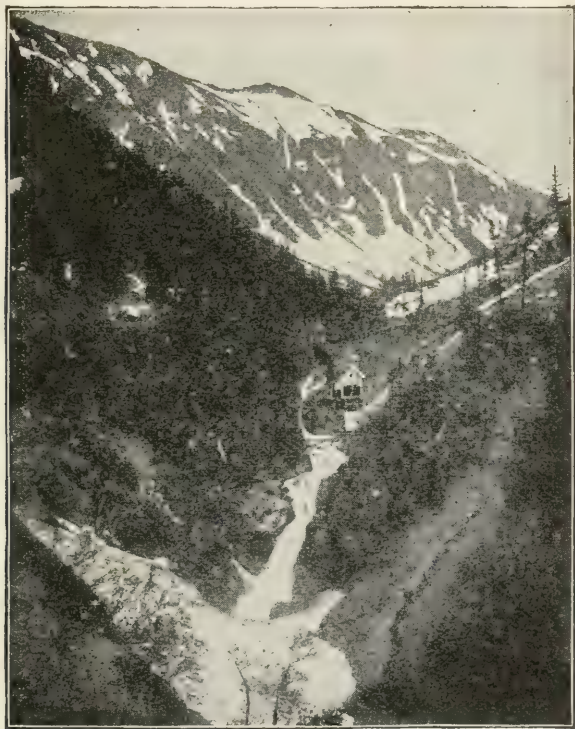
street. If we visit that we will have to go up the bay about one-half mile. Here are some Indian canoes. Let us get in and be rowed to the settlement.

We do not find the Auk Indians as far advanced as those of Sitka. Soap is an unknown thing to them. Instead of it they use oil. Every day they rub on a fresh coat of grease. You can imagine that they are not very attractive.

The most interesting place to visit in their village is the cemetery. Instead of following the custom of the

United States as the Sitkan Indians do, the Auks cremate the bodies of their dead, and place the ashes in small log huts. On each hut is a hideous, carved figure, with glaring eyes and open mouth. (See p. 21.)

It is a good thing that the Auks burn their dead, for on account of their unclean habits, it makes them less liable to disease. When the missionaries can get



SILVER BOW CANON, JUNEAU.

to work among them, we will see a great change in this primitive settlement.

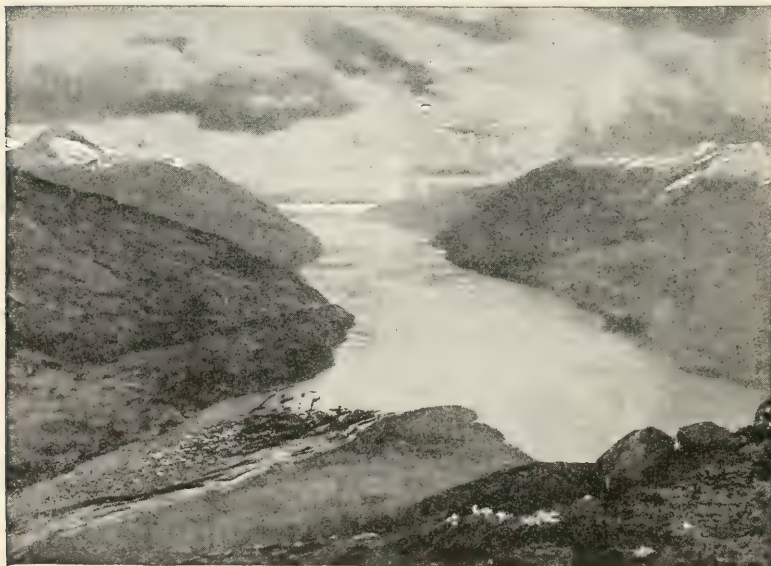
Back to Juneau we are rowed in the canoes, but

before leaving we follow a wild, picturesque road leading back from the town to the Silver Bow Mines. These mines furnish large quantities of silver.

We have had a glimpse of Juneau, and must hurry on to the next city, which is Skagway. "How do we go?" you ask. Still by boat. "Aren't we ever going by railroad?" There is only one railroad in all Alaska. We shall soon be at Skagway, and then we will know about it.

PASSING THE FAMOUS TREADWELL GOLD MINE.

Juneau is left behind. Our boat is headed north for the town of Skagway. As we go around the south point of Douglas Island we can see the buildings of the famous Treadwell gold mines. The reason that we



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VIEW FROM MOUNT DEWEY, SHOWING SKAGWAY AND THE LYNN CANAL.

notice this is because all about the buildings and the sides of the mountains the trees are bleached almost white from the fumes of the smoke rising from the works which are in operation day and night.

The owners of this great gold mine have refused to sell it for \$16,000,000.

It is an easy mine to work. Instead of sinking shafts they tunnel into the side of the mountain.

You must not think that this is the place where all of the miners rushed during the gold fever in Alaska. The land about this mine is all owned, and gold seekers nearly always search for unclaimed spots. Then all of the gold they get from the ground is theirs.

SKAGWAY, THE STARTING POINT FOR THE KLONDIKE.

Sixty miles of sailing northward, and we are at Skagway beach. Let us take our maps and see the location. The city is at the head of Lynn Canal on an inlet called Chilcoot. Across the canal on the opposite side is Chilcat, where the beautiful blankets are made. The town is full of life. The population is four thousand, and all of these people have come here through their interest in the gold fields. We have come by the very route we would if we were seeking our fortunes.

The houses of Skagway have been hurriedly built to accommodate the increasing population.

Hundreds of people are getting their supplies packed ready to leave for the interior. It is only within a year that there was any comfortable way to go. Miners had to hire Indians to carry their belongings over the mountains, either on their backs or on sleds. Sometimes they were too poor to hire them, and had to do it themselves. Terrible storms would sometimes

set in, and they would have to make a hut in the snow and stay for a week, living on dry flour and bacon.

Here is a crowd of men all ready for the journey. Let us get a miner to open his pack so that we may peep in and see the contents.

What a load of provisions! Flour, bacon, baking powder, beans, dried fruit, desiccated vegetables, butter, sugar, condensed milk, tea, coffee, salt, pepper, mustard, matches, cooking utensils, dishes, a sheet iron



YUKONER AND STICK INDIANS PASSING THROUGH CANYON DYE.

stove, woolen and rubber blankets, oilskin bags, tools for boat building, rubber boots, snow glasses, medicines, and mosquito netting.

Think of packing such a load over the mountains, wading through deep snow, in the face of cold and storms.

THE FIRST AND ONLY RAILROAD IN ALASKA.

On account of these hardships, recently a railroad has been completed, which makes it easier to make the journey.

We are surprised to learn that this railroad is but one hundred and eleven miles long, and the only one in Alaska. It is called the White Pass and Yukon Railroad, and extends from Skagway on the coast, back to White Horse. From there the gold seekers go by several rivers and small lakes to the Klondike region, which is in the far north. It is a difficult journey to take, even with the advantage of the new railroad over Chilcoot Pass.

THE KLONDIKE GOLD REGION.

Let us again take our maps and find just where the rich gold fields of the Klondike are located. First find the great Yukon River just over the boundary of Alaska in Canada. Look where the line 64° north latitude crosses 140° west longitude. It is about here that the Klondike River joins the Yukon, and along that river and in the mountains are the Klondike gold fields.

Dawson City, of which so much was written in the papers, is at the mouth of the river. It sprung up like a mushroom in 1897, when gold seekers began to rush to the north.

The mining of the Klondike is placer mining. Do you know what that is? A miner takes his pick, shovel and pan and goes, sometimes all alone, digging and picking in the creeks and rivers. He lifts up a pan of sand and looks anxiously for the glistening

grains of gold. He rinses and rinses the sand. By skillful dipping he finally gets all of the sand out and has only the gold in the bottom of the pan. Sometimes he will find flakes as big as a pumpkin seed. Such are worth from three to ten dollars apiece. Sometimes he is disappointed and gets nothing. It is a hard life, even if one makes a fortune. Don't you think so?



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MILES CANYON, NORTHWEST TERRITORY, ON THE WAY TO THE KLONDIKE.
(Photograph by V. Cleveland.)

At Dawson City we overlook the waters of the Yukon where the Klondike River joins it. The Yukon is now used for carrying freight, ore, and passengers, such as want to get back by way of the Pacific Ocean,



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THE MUIR GLACIER, A RIVER OF ICE OVER A MILE WIDE AND NEARLY A THOUSAND FEET DEEP.

or who want to go still farther north. This river is the only means of travel from the interior to the Behring Sea coast, but it is too early in the season for boats to go on the river, on account of the ice. It will be June before trade opens up on the river.

We have traveled on the only railroad in Alaska, and now we retrace our course to Skagway. From there we will continue our travels, but we must go by steamer, for that is the only way. The time will come when there will be more railroads through the country, but so many of Alaska's products are along the coast, that nearly everything is reached by steam boat travel.

THE MUIR GLACIER.

Southward and westward we go through Icy Strait to Glacier Bay. Let us trace our route on the map, and if we cannot find the name of the bay, we can find Mt. Fairweather, which overlooks it.

During our voyage we had glimpses of glaciers several times, but now we are face to face with one. It is the most beautiful and wonderful glacier in the world. It is called the Muir, and is named after Prof. John Muir, who spent months on it, and afterwards wrote what he had learned about it.

Our boat, with many bumps against the icebergs in the bay, sails quite close to the front of the glacier and we have a grand view of it.

As we stand on the deck looking forward, we can hardly believe that so much ice is gathered in one place.

A great wall of ice with broken front and jagged top faces us. We look up, and the peaks, reaching so

high, seem like mountains. We turn our heads and see the white, glistening ice far away on either side. But this is not all. The captain tells us that it reaches down, down beneath the water six hundred feet. From him we learn also that the peaks are between three and four hundred feet high. A thousand feet from top to bottom, and over one mile wide!

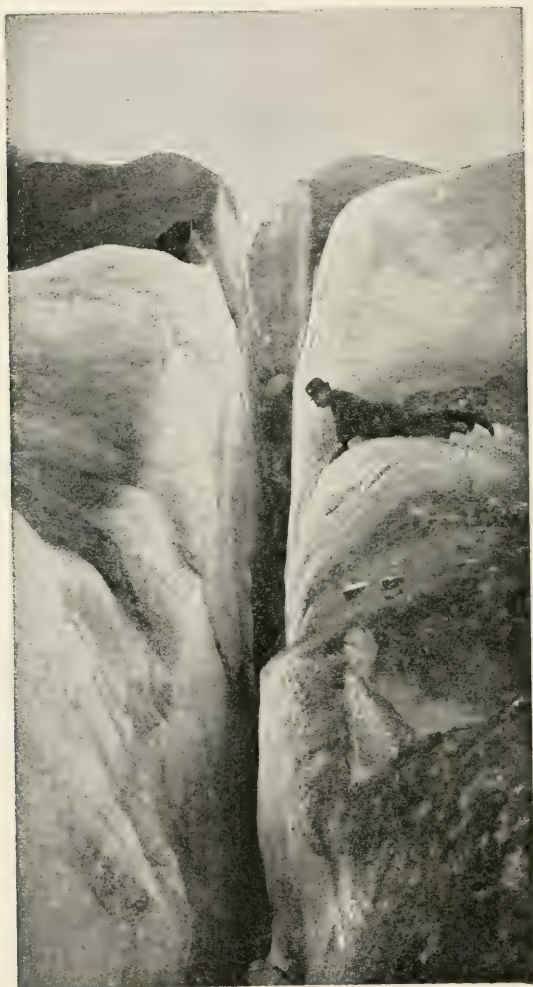
Listen! What is that terrible roaring noise? It sounds like a cannon. There goes a perfect mountain of ice, tumbling into the bay, from the front of the glacier. We understand now what the noise was.



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VIEW OF THE MUIR GLACIER.
(Photograph by F. Jay Haynes & Bro.)

This huge chunk of ice, called an iceberg, plunges and rocks about, tossing our ship like an eggshell on



CREVASSE IN A GLACIER.

the great waves. The spray is thrown above the masts, and all the sea about us is in a tumult.

Gradually the iceberg becomes more quiet, and drifts away, out to the open sea.

The continual breaking off of the immense blocks of ice, causes the front of the glacier to be always changing. Sometimes you fancy you can see the turrets of castles. They glisten in the sun like precious gems.

By taking a boat from our ship we can land and go to the top of this ice river. Railings and a plank walk have been put here to help tourists. But when we get to the top we must be very careful in walking about. *Crevasses*, which are gorges of unknown depth, are in unexpected places.

We look about, and all we see is ice. Our guide informs us that the Muir glacier is about forty miles long, with nine large and seventeen smaller streams of ice uniting with it.

We cannot see it move, but we know that it does. That has been proved by the driving of stakes. Scientists who have observed it carefully, say that it moves about seven feet each day. That seems very slow to us, but it is considered very fast traveling for a glacier.

There are very few *moraines* on the Muir glacier. The moraines are the dirt, stones, and rubbish which the glacier shoves before it as it moves slowly along. One reason that this glacier is so beautiful is because it is a mass of almost pure, glistening, crystal ice.

MT. ST. ELIAS.

We leave the glacier behind us and start westward. Our next stopping place is the large island of Kadiak, where we will find the greatest salmon fisheries in the world. Let us consult our map in the Little Journeys



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PANORAMIC VIEW FROM SUMMIT OF MOUNT JUNEAU.

and get the location of this island lying close to the long, rocky peninsula of the southwest coast.

We skirt the shore, and on our way for many miles we are in full view of towering Mt. St. Elias. You can see its location on the map just at the point where the great mass of Alaska joins the chain of islands to the southeast. Part of the mountain is in Alaska, and part in Canada.

It stands there cold and lonely, covered with snow. There is a fearful stillness all about, except when an avalanche goes tearing down its side. Avalanches are very different from glaciers. Away up on the side, perhaps near the top of the mountain, the snow and ice become loose and start to slide. As they go they gather more snow, ice, loose stones, and even large rocks. The larger the mass, the faster it slides, breaking down trees and everything before it. The noise is like thunder and the very earth seems torn open.

Moving quietly and slowly down the sides of Mt. St. Elias, in great contrast to the avalanche, are glaciers, eleven in all. Some of these are to be seen from the deck of our ship.

SALMON FISHING AT KADIAK.

Here we are at Kadiak Island. Did you find it on your maps? We will go at once to the canneries.

We are surprised to see Chinamen at work packing and sealing the cans. They are employed by the American companies who own the establishments, because they work for such small wages. The Indians catch the fish and do the chores which require no skill. These Indians, which are Aleuts, and with

whose habits we will soon become acquainted, can do far more difficult things than to can salmon. Later we shall see.

What quantities of cans! Let us count them and see how many there are in a case. Four dozen. Let us ask the foreman how many cases they ship out in one season. He tells us that this cannery is only one of at least fifty in Alaska, and that altogether they ship out 700,000 cases each year. We remember how many cans in a case, and taking our pencils, we find that Alaska sends out 33,600,000 cans of salmon each year. This amount is shipped to all parts of the United States, and to some parts of Europe and Asia.

When we get home, let us look on the cans at our grocer's and see if our salmon comes from Alaska.

The Indians tell us that the salmon does not come from the ocean, but from small rivers on the island.

One small river about sixty feet wide furnishes this cannery with more than enough for its business.

In the spring the salmon go up the river to deposit their eggs. They come in such droves that they fill the river so full as to almost dam it up. They

are in such a hurry that they actually climb over each other, with their fins sticking out of the water. The natives haul them in, but there are such numbers that



A SALMON CATCH.

all cannot be used. In their crowding, thousands are pushed upon the shore, and lie there to decay.

It surprises us to learn that in Alaska there are over one hundred varieties of fish. Among them are cod, halibut, herring, and smelt, but salmon leads all in numbers, and also as a money-making business for the people.

Before our ship leaves, thousands of boxes are put aboard to be carried back to the United States, as we do not stop at the island on our return.

The chief food of the inhabitants of this island is fish, especially salmon. We are treated to slices of delicious salmon steak, such as we could not find in our home markets.



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ONE OF ALASKA'S MOST ELEVATED PEAKS—MOUNT ST. ELIAS.

OFF FOR THE SEAL AND SEA OTTER ISLANDS.

Do you remember that long arm of islands reaching into the Pacific ocean almost over to Asia? That is where we are going now, and in all Alaska we will meet nothing more interesting than the people and animals of these islands. It will give us a better idea of their extent when we know that they, with the peninsula, cover a distance of almost two thousand miles—a lonely, desolate region, having almost no trees, and many volcanoes.

We remember the burning mountains of Mexico, and here in the far north are some of their brothers.

Shishaldin rises directly from the sea to a height of nearly 9000 feet. It sends out a stream of white vapor constantly, but has thrown out no lava for many years.

Many of these islands are uninhabited except by the native animals and *one man*. This we think is very strange. It is told us by a fur trader on board our ship. He also tells us that when the fur companies lease these various islands, they have to put a guard on each to protect their rights. They hire a native of a neighboring island, and he often spends a lifetime as guard on the island. He builds himself a hut and sees no one for months, and then only as a boat stops with provisions, or some hunters hired by the company come to the island in pursuit of game or fish. What a lonely life! Think what it would be to be a hermit on a solitary island!

The inhabitants of the Aleutian islands are called Aleuts. They are a race of hunters. Shall we think of them as fierce? No more gentle people exist than this docile race of Indians. As we shall see them catching

the sea otter and the seal, we are interested in the training the men must have to become expert hunters. They are naturally muscular and strong, but not very tall. The strength in their arms becomes wonderful, as they almost live in a canoe from boyhood. Think how they must manage their boats in the great ocean waves. They must be able to turn about in an instant, and go forward or backward at a moment's notice.

Exposure to all kinds of weather from infancy, makes them hardy. No watermen in the world can endure so much cold, and manage boats with such dexterity as they.

Their stomachs must be accustomed to fasts, and to the severest hardships. They live much on cold food, which is often raw, for when they go to hunt the sea otter they can build no fire. The smell of fire, or of the food cooking would drive every otter from these islands.

They are subjected to dangers to make them brave, for their life is often threatened in the capture of the animals.

They must have tact. Do you know what that means? Well, they must have good sense and know how to use it, for the fur bearing animals are very shrewd, and cannot be secured by awkward, unskillful movements.

SEAL HUNTING.

The Aleutians are the famous hunters of the seal. Let us go with them to their hunting grounds, the Pribiloff Islands, a little group north of the long rocky peninsula in Behring Sea.

The group consists of four islands. The two larger

ones are St. Paul and St. George, and the two smaller ones are Otter and Walrus islands. St. Paul has a length of thirteen miles with a breadth of four, and St. George has a length of ten and a breadth of five miles.

It is an interesting fact that four-fifths of the seal skins sold in all of the cities of the world, come from these small islands of Alaska.

One thing which we must remember is that a dense fog envelops these islands of the north Pacific during the breeding season, which is the late spring or early summer. This is very favorable for the seals, as they are unable to bear the heat of the summer sun. Do you suppose that their heavy fur coats have anything to do with it?

The seals come to the islands in great herds. They have long slender bodies, which taper towards the tail. Their small heads look like those of dogs with the ears cut off. They have large, soft, sad-looking eyes. The short, front limbs make the paws seem close to the bodies; the hind limbs are turned backward on each side of the tail. The paws are covered with skin stretched between the fingers. These they use as paddles, but the hind limbs are their chief dependence in swimming. They are very graceful in the water, and can stay under the water for twenty minutes at a time.

Seals are very affectionate to their young, and care for them tenderly. When the baby seals are about six weeks old the mother takes them to the water to teach them to swim. They need much coaxing before they will venture in, but after they have tried the water they are very happy in it. When they get quite strong and are able to swim a long distance, they swim

away with their mothers into the broad Pacific, no one knows where, for they are seldom seen except on these islands.

We have read a great deal in the papers about the "seal fisheries" of Alaska, but there is no fishing in catching the seal.

The seals come up on the islands and sit about on the rocks. The young males are apt to go farther back from the shore than the families. This is fortunate for the hunters, for it is the young males they are after. The "bachelors," or those about four years old are preferred.

The hunters creep in between the families and the young males and drive them farther inland. If they find one too young, he is given a gentle tap on the nose and is allowed to escape. As they are driven they move slowly, for they drag themselves along by their flippers. They can travel about a mile in one hour.

When they arrive at the slaughter grounds, about twenty at one time are separated from the herd, which sometimes numbers between one and three thousand. Then the work of killing begins. A few men, with strong clubs, go about among them stunning them with a violent blow on the head. Some other men with sharp knives follow. With these they aim at the heart. Life ends instantly. It is a humane method. There is no blundering of the men, and no suffering of the animals.

Another set of men follows. With the same skill, they cut the skin from the seal, leaving the head and flippers on the carcass.



KILLING SEALS.

Then the wives and daughters of the sealers follow and cut out the great blubbers. As they carry them away it is impossible to keep the oil from dripping all about them. We may have some idea of the size of the carcass when we are told that the full grown male seals weigh between two and three hundred pounds, and measure six or seven feet in length. The females are about five feet in length and weigh about a hundred pounds.

After the killing, the pelts are packed in salt and shipped to London in England. There they have the best process of curing and dyeing them. We understand now why many ladies will not have a seal coat unless it has the London dye. They want the best.

There are very strict laws against killing the females, and the fur companies are obliged to sign a

contract with our government to take only a limited number of seals from the islands each season. This is because unscrupulous companies slaughtered them by the wholesale, and threw what they could not use into the sea, which nearly drove the seals from their favorite grounds.

The last of July the fur companies send ships for their precious cargoes. Do you remember how we saw the furs packed away when we peeped into that ship in Seattle harbor?

The ships cannot come up to the shores, owing to the shallowness of the water. The natives have to take loads of the skins in their canoes to the ship, which brings them to the United States, from whence they are sent to London.

For their work of selecting, driving, killing, skinning and packing, the sealers receive forty cents per head. Though this may seem a small sum, many of the Aleuts earn from one to two thousand dollars each year. It seems to us that they should get quite rich, for they have few ways to spend their money. Their habits are simple, and their food consists mainly of a fish diet.

The mission schools there must bring them much happiness, for they are naturally a very intelligent race.

SEA LIONS.

We should not think of sea lions as seals. They also resort to these islands, especially St. Paul's, so let us see where the difference lies.

After the sealing season is over, the Aleuts go to capture the lions.

When attacked the males are very fierce. They show their long teeth. Their roar is terrible. They are large, and in size may be compared to a horse.

Although the males fight ferociously with each other, all are very fond of a frolic. We know how they sport on the rocks near San Francisco, and many are seen in public parks.

They are driven inland the same as seals, but there is much more excitement in driving a herd of the lions. The men have to make a noise and yell and wave flags and fire off guns and pistols to keep the herd moving. The opening and shutting of umbrellas in their faces, has been an effective help. They drive them the entire length of the island before they are killed. This takes many days, as the old, fat ones get out of breath, and the hunters have to wait for them.

When they are collected in an enclosure and realize that they are captives, their roar is terrific. The males are shot, as it is too dangerous to approach them, but the females are lanced.

The natives hunt them for their own use. They eat the flesh and use some of the skin for boots. They also make skin boats of the hides. The intestines are dried and used for water proof clothing.

Sea lions are covered with hair, not fur. It is of a reddish brown, about one and one half inches long.

We have not yet seen the Aleut in his most daring undertaking. If we want to test his endurance, his skill, and his bravery, we must see him hunt the sea-otter. Let us not miss this wonderful opportunity.

HUNTING THE SEA OTTER.

Again we take our maps to find Sannak Island.

This is a favorite resort of the sea-otter. There is a great difference between the common otter and the sea-otter. The fur of the latter is as valuable as that of the seal. The pelts vary in price from sixty to one hundred and fifty dollars each. Exceptionally fine skins have brought from four hundred to six hundred dollars in the London markets. In China, mandarins of high rank wear sea-otter fur as a mark of their office.

The sea-otter is much like a seal in appearance, except that the head is shaped somewhat like that of a cat. Its fur is short, thick, and of a rich ebony color. It is very beautiful.

The father and mother sea-otter always stay near each other, and the mother gives her baby otter the tenderest care. If she sleeps, she does so with the baby clasped in her forearms. She often does this,



HUNTING SEA-OTTERS.

lying on her back in the water. She is frequently seen playing with her baby on the ice and in the water.

Sea-otters are very watchful and difficult to capture. No people live on the island to which they come. That would drive them away. When the Aleuts go to hunt them, they simply camp on the island. They sleep under their boats, and, you remember, live on cold, uncooked food.

Sannak Island in some places has a sandy beach, but in others is bordered by slippery boulders or big rocks. These are the play-grounds of the otters. The hunters do not find them here. They find them way out in the ocean, sometimes fifty miles from the shore.

About ten to fifty of the natives form one hunting party. They go in their skin boats. There are always two in one boat. They have one man selected as their leader. They arrange their boats in a long line or procession, and then separate. They keep in line, but are just as far apart as they can be to hear each other and see the signals.

When one of them sees the head of an otter, he gives the signal, and then rows to the spot where he saw the head disappear. He holds his oars high in the air. This is a signal for the other hunters to surround him. They do this, forming a circle. In fifteen minutes the otter must come up for breath. The very minute he appears, a spear is thrown at him. If he is not struck, he dives again. He must soon come up to get air. By keeping this up he becomes tired and some one will be successful in spearing him.

The spear is attached to a line. The hunter draws

his prize to the boat, and strikes him a death blow with a small, but very heavy wooden club.

Surely you wouldn't like to be a sea-otter hunter, when you know what he does next. Lifting the animal out of the water, he bites off the end of his black nose, and then stows him away in his canoe. This ceremony is repeated each time. There is some superstitious idea connected with it. The hunters form in line again and go through the same process as in catching their previous victim.

When there is much seaweed floating about, the hunters spread nets upon the mass, and when the otters get on them for a frolic, they are captured.

The life of the native hunter is full of danger during the entire season. But he is trained to it, and enjoys the life.

The pelts of the sea-otter, like those of the seal, are shipped to London for the fine process of preparing them for garments. Sometimes a whole season will not furnish more than a thousand hides. Do you see how this makes a difference in their value?

THE ESKIMO.

Many hundred miles north of the rocky Aleutian Islands, lives another interesting race of natives who call themselves Innuits. We call them Eskimos.

As a race they are strong, but not tall. Their faces are broad, and they always have a good natured look. In fact, they are a happy, contented people, and their appearance shows it.

Their complexions border on the olive, probably on account of the continual use of oil, but their skins are



TYPICAL ESKIMO
FAMILY.

F. C. Gilbert.

very clear and soft. Doesn't this rather surprise you, when you think of the severe weather to which they are exposed?

One very noticeable thing is the size of their hands and feet. They are small and very shapely. This is true, not only among the women, but also among the men. Their delicately formed hands do not seem strong enough for their rude labors. Yet we know that they are, for the Eskimos accomplish a great deal of hard work.

We might almost envy these simple natives their wealth of furs. But should we? What would they do for clothing in this cold, far-away country, if they could not make it from the skins of the wild animals? They think no more of their valuable furs than we do of our most common clothes. But it takes the greatest patience to make their clothing.

After the animal is killed and skinned, the pelt is spread on the snow to dry. Then they scrape and scrape on the inside with a bone until they get every particle of flesh off. Then the stiff hide must be pulled and rubbed until it is pliable or soft, and feels like velvet. In the end the skins are in as good a condition as though they had been through a modern tannery.

Now the hide is ready for the garment, and the women will sew them into comfortable suits. Where will they get the needles and thread? There are no stores where they can buy them, no factories where they are made. But they are self reliant. Do you know what that means? The next time the girls want a needle and some thread, let them try what it means.

As they have no place to buy them, they must make

both. Make needles? Yes, by scraping a bone until it is smooth and thin. One of the first things a little girl is taught is to make thread, for it takes a great deal for the mother to use in making the suits. They make the thread by twisting and braiding the sinews of the reindeer and the whale. We shall soon see how they get these animals.

When skin, thread and needles are ready, the mother cuts the suit out with a big knife and sews the parts securely together. Her stitches are often so neat and regular that they seem made by machine.

The boys' and girls' suits are much alike, except that the girls have scant little skirts to their dresses. Both have fur hoods. Their underclothing is a rather close fitting suit of skins made with the fur next to the body. The suit with the fur outside is made to wear as we wear our winter cloaks and coats.



The Eskimo houses of Alaska are not made the same as those of his cousins, the Greenlanders. They have to depend mostly upon snow and ice. Our Eskimos, living near a coast that is often touched by ships, are more fortunate than their cousins.

From deserted camps, sometimes from wrecks, much driftwood comes to the Alaskan shores. The Eskimos very industriously gather this for their houses. These are made underground and are called huts. The men dig a hole in the ground about six feet deep. They stand the logs up around the sides to make the walls. Then they lay logs across the top even with the ground. Then they put stringers across and lay more logs on top, and cover it all with dirt and moss. They leave an opening about two feet square which they cover with the entrail of a walrus, which is caught in the sea. This lets in the light, and is the only window they have. It is always put in facing the south to get as much light as possible. Missionaries have taught them to put a little wooden spout in the roof to let the impure air escape.

Can you guess where the door is? Look about fifteen or twenty feet away. There seems to be a small square opening in the ground. And there is an Eskimo peeping out. Let us hurry to the spot and we may learn something interesting. He is standing on a short step ladder. He bids us come in, and we follow him through the trap door-way, down to a passage way, where we crawl on our hands and knees underground for about fifteen feet. This hallway is braced with quantities of whale ribs.

When we get to the end of the passage way, through a small trap door we scramble into a room, which is their house. It is a space from ten to twelve feet square.

At the farther end of the room is the bed, one for all of the family. It is a bench the whole length of

the room. They sleep on deer skins, and have deer skins for their covering. The front of the bench is about two feet high and slopes to the wall. They sleep with their heads to the front and their feet against the wall. In the day time they use the bench as a place to sit.

But the most curious things which we see are their stoves or lamps. They are usually of stone, slightly hollowed out to make a ridge. Around this ridge is placed a moss which they gather in the summer from a wild shrub. This is the wick. Then they hang a good sized piece of blubber above it, just far enough to melt slowly and keep the hollow stone supplied with oil. The moss which has been saturated with oil is lighted and they have a fine lamp and stove combined. Often they have two in a hut. They never allow them to go out, night or day.

Above the stoves is stretched a line. Upon this, boots, mittens and wet garments are hung to dry.

Near the lamp is a wooden tub, above which on a rack is kept a cake of clean snow. This, slowly melting and dripping into the tub, supplies them with fresh drinking water.

The floors made of driftwood are kept well rubbed with dry skins. The Eskimos are very careful about wiping all of the snow from their shoes before entering the house.

A visit to the Eskimo home would hardly be complete without accepting of their hospitality and partaking of a meal with them. Suppose we do have to sit on the floor and eat with our fingers. Haven't we done that in the woods at home and called it jolly?

We join the circle and the food is placed in the centre. We have some fresh seal and whale meat. Close by stands a vessel of oil. Each takes a chunk of meat, dips it into the oil and sucks it. Many, instead of dipping in the meat, use their fingers. Someway our appetites do not seem very good. Well, never mind. Let us observe this jolly family at dinner. Such laughing and chattering! It seems more like a party than a family meal. They joke each other, and keep up a perfect hubbub of talking and laughing until every morsel is eaten.

We have found the home life of the Eskimo very interesting. Let us crawl and scramble out of his happy home and observe his out-of-door life.

We find our Eskimo brothers with very industrious habits.

Boat building probably keeps them the busiest of any of their duties, aside from hunting. The Eskimo paddles about in a most curious boat. It is called an *oomiak*. It is usually about thirty-five feet long, six feet wide in the middle and four feet deep, coming to a point at both ends.



ESKIMO DOG.

When the frame is made by lashing heavy timbers together, walrus or seal skins are stretched over it, pulled perfectly tight and sewed together. Scarcely a drop of water can get through the skins.

Thirty or forty persons can ride in one of these, and

walk about in them without any danger of their giving way. The skins give, when stepped upon, but rebound at once when the foot is lifted.

The *oomiak* is used by the natives coasting about in the sea.

For river travel they make a different boat called a *kyak*. This is much like the *oomiak*, except in the construction of the top. Instead of being open all over the top, it has only one or two openings called hatchways, just large enough for the body to slip through. An Eskimo can stow away a surprising amount in one. Sometimes a lonely Eskimo will paddle toward you and haul his boat upon the beach. Suddenly out from his covered boat will scramble a whole family, including the dog.

THE ESKIMO DOGS.

Dogs are of great service to the Eskimos in traveling over the snow and ice. They look upon their dogs as friends, and they are their companions. They are big, shaggy, black and white creatures, and can endure a great deal of cold, and go for a long time without food. The Eskimos sometimes do not feed them for three days. They do this to harden them, so they can make long trips without food. On their return from a drive, the dogs are always well fed, generally with a fresh piece of walrus meat. When starting on a long journey their owner generally gives them a strip of walrus hide about a foot and a half long and an inch wide. This seems to give them enough strength to last for days. They are very strong and easily carry their burdens on the icy fields. From six to twenty dogs are harnessed to one sled. Sometimes they travel

abreast, and sometimes in tandem fashion. Their harness is very simple and is made of straps of deer hide. They are driven without reins. The master carries a long whip, but he guides them mostly with his voice. They understand at once, and as they are trained from puppies, they are very obedient.

The Eskimo boys are as skillful drivers as their fathers. When they are very young they are taught to harness the puppies to tiny sleds and drive them about near the house. When they are only boys their fathers allow them to harness up a whole team and drive alone to a neighboring Eskimo village. Their sleds are made of bone, and of driftwood when they can find it. When neither is at hand they make them out of blocks of ice. It must be great fun to ride on one of their ice sleds.

THE REINDEER.

A few years ago a ship in the north of Behring Sea, landed at an island which was inhabited by Eskimos. They were in a starving condition. They had been unfortunate in catching seal, walrus, whale or deer.

On board of the ship was that kind, white man, Dr. Sheldon Jackson, of whom we heard among the missionaries. He thought it was terrible for the Eskimos to starve, and all because the white men had been to the far north and hunted the animals until not enough were left for food for the natives.

When he came back to the United States he induced our government to send herds of reindeer to that part of Alaska near the island, and teach the Eskimos to raise them, and so provide themselves with an animal which would at any time furnish them with food and clothing.

If we examine our maps, on the west coast of Alaska, a little south of Behring Strait, we will find the name of the first place to which the reindeer were brought. It is called Port Clarence. Now there are several large herds in various places, called "reindeer stations."

The first reindeer for these stations were brought from Siberia, and the government hired men to come with them to teach the Eskimos how to train and care for them.

Later, the herds have been brought from Lapland, as that country has the best trained reindeer.

The reindeer get their own food in quite a strange manner. They are turned out to graze on the snow fields, the same as in our country cattle are turned out to pasture. Does that seem strange to you and do you wonder what they find to eat? The ground is all covered with snow, but the reindeer know that underneath is delicious moss. They dig the snow up with their sharp hoofs, and find there the very food which they like best. There are acres and acres of this moss, or tundra as it is sometimes called, growing in Alaska, and there is enough to feed many large herds without food becoming scarce. They graze in the daytime and at night are driven into a place surrounded by a high board fence, to protect them from wild animals. Each animal is branded, so if it strays, the owner may reclaim it. They have been called the horses, cows, and sheep of the Eskimo, and that is true, for he drives them in harness, milks them, and makes cloth of their hair.

The deer is not burdened with a heavy harness. He has a skin collar around his neck. A single trace

passes from this down between the legs to a hole in front of the sled. The driver uses but one rein, which is fastened to the horns. The rein is dropped either on one side of the back or the other to guide him right or left. Being harnessed in this way, a reindeer can far out-travel a horse. On level ground, twenty miles an hour is often traveled, and twelve or fifteen miles is a very easy distance to cover. In the most severe winter weather they can travel all day without showing fatigue, and then find their own food under the snow. A story is told of a reindeer who once traveled eight hundred miles in forty-eight hours, to carry an officer with an important message. The poor deer dropped dead at the end of the journey, but the necessary mission was accomplished.

The milk is rich and the little Eskimos are fond of it. The flesh is much prized, as it is tender and very juicy. Many white people who have eaten it think it delicious. The natives consider the marrow a great delicacy. The tongue and hams are dried and stored for winter, and sausage meat is preserved in the intestines. The fat is made into oil, with which the dried and frozen meats are eaten. The bones furnish them handles for tools, spoons, needles, and many other useful household articles, besides their simple weapons. What cannot be used in this way is burned as fuel. Cord and thread are made from the sinews.

Both the males and females have branching horns, which they shed every year. These furnish the Eskimo boys with great sport in playing the game "reindeer hunting." On the slope of a small hill they stick some antlers into the snow. Then they go to the top

of the hill and coast down, carrying with them their bows and arrows or their spears. As they approach the antlers they make believe they see a real deer, and shoot or hurl their spears at them. As they go flying down the hill, the boys often turn around to shoot after they have passed by, for the boy who knocks over the most antlers wins the game. As the game nears the end the boys get very excited and often fall off their sleds and roll over and over in their rush to beat the others. It is considered a great honor to knock over the last antler. They have a merry time in many ways, and now that the reindeer stations are established they will never again suffer from hunger.

OUR JOURNEY'S END.

We have now finished the trip to our great and rich possession of the north. We have seen that it is a country abounding in mineral and animal products, and feel sure that our country did a wise thing to buy it.

We have enjoyed the beautiful scenery. The varied plant and animal life have been attractive. The mineral wealth has astonished us. The people have interested us.

The country will probably make rapid advances in the next few years. When we visit Alaska again we may be enabled to travel extensively by rail through many of the parts we could not visit. There will be more schools and churches, and we shall find the natives engaged in all of the industries of our thriving country.

We have been thinking so much of our own possessions for the past month, that we would better return and be a little more neighborly. We had a delightful visit to our southern neighbor, Mexico, and we will doubtless receive as cordial a welcome to our northern neighbor, Canada. As they are expecting us soon, let us return to Seattle and be ready for the promised visit.



FLAG OF CANADA

A Little Journey to Canada.

How many of us have read Longfellow's beautiful poem "Evangeline?" To what country did he refer when he wrote "This is the forest primeval, the murmuring pines and the hemlocks bearded with moss and in garments green indistinct in the twilight, stand like Druids of old"—?

Many of us know something of the romantic history of Canada because we have read this beautiful poem, but we know little of its real history and have never visited it even in imagination. We are apt to think of Canada as a cold, unattractive region, of interest only to hunters and trappers and lumbermen. This is a mistake, as we shall shortly see. For we are now to take a little journey to our northern neighbors, and the former home of Evangeline.

What route shall we take to reach there? We have already taken a journey to the Pacific Coast by the Great Northern Railway; suppose we take the Canadian Pacific this time. It will give us many glimpses of the

beauty spots of the United States. We can go by way of the boat from Seattle to Vancouver's Island, which is a part of the Dominion of Canada.

Now turn to the map of Canada. At Vancouver City we take the Canadian Pacific Railway which has done so much to make Canada what it is today. This road will take us across the continent.

No trip to Canada would be complete without a trip down the St. Lawrence and a visit to Niagara Falls. At Toronto we can embark on one of the steamers of the Richelieu & Ontario Navigation Company, following the course of the lake and down the St. Lawrence, past the Thousand Islands, shooting the Rapids, stopping at Montreal and Quebec and finally reaching the most attractive part of the whole trip—the Saguenay River.

We may then return to Buffalo and after our visit there go home by way of the Great Lakes. We can take passage at Buffalo on a steamer that will connect with the Manitou Steamship Line. "The Manitou" has taken us on many a pleasure trip, and will carry us safely home to Chicago.

SEATTLE.

Here we are at Seattle again and the other members of our party ready to join us. Very close to us lies the Dominion of Canada. How shall we reach it? What places in Canada can we visit in a month's time? That depends upon what the majority of the Travel Club wish to see. Some care most for its beautiful scenery, others are interested in the people and industries.

Let us take a look at the land then before we go any farther.

CANADA.

All the country north of the United States, except Alaska, Greenland and Iceland, is included in that part of the British Empire known as the Dominion of Canada and Newfoundland.

Canada is about the size of the United States without Alaska. It stretches from the Pacific to the Atlantic, a breadth of nearly four thousand miles. Its southern boundary is the United States; its northern, the Arctic Ocean. There are seven provinces and nine districts in the Dominion. Each province has a government of its own, as have our states. But they have a central government also, with a capital at Ottawa, which corresponds to our capital at Washington. The territories are covered with vast forests and are of but little importance at present. Newfoundland has no connection with Canada. It has an independent government.

Canada has a population of almost six million. One third of these are French or of French descent, but the majority are of English or Scotch descent. About one hundred and twenty-five thousand are Indians and a small number of Eskimo. The majority of the Canadians have their homes in the southern part of Canada. Then comes a region farther north covered with vast forests. It is here that many of the Indians, the fur traders and trappers live. The Eskimo live in the extreme north, along the coast.

But we shall meet with but little difficulty about

language. With the Indians on the Pacific coast, a few phrases of Chinook will carry us through. In other parts of the country we can easily find an interpreter for the other tribes. In Quebec, where French is the language employed, the hotel men, cab men and business men also speak English, and as for the Eskimo, well I think we will have to visit them in imagination only.

The chief industries of the people are agriculture, lumbering, fur trading, fishing and mining. The farming districts lie through the Central and Atlantic divisions of Canada. Here we find the most of the inhabitants and the great cities. We shall not linger in the cities that resemble the cities of the United States, nor shall we visit the farms and factories similar to those seen at home. We decide to devote most of our

time to those industries and modes of life unlike our own.

If we set out now for the Land of Evangeline and go north and east through Canada, we shall find spring and lose it over and over again before we reach our journey's end. When nature is reviving beneath the mild south winds that blow on the lowlands



THE LAND OF EVANGELINE.

by the coast, the snow still lingers in the canyons of the Cascades, and the Selkirks, and the Rockies. Out in the Prairie Land we shall find vegetation far advanced; the spring plowing over, warm weather and sunny skies. But, as we travel through the region north of Lake Superior, and again when we reach Quebec, we shall find nature just waking from her long winter sleep.

All along our way, however hot it may be in the daytime, it will be cool enough at night. Pack up your warm clothes, then, and take them with you. Rain coats and umbrellas of course must not be forgotten. We shall have no difficulty about money. American bills and silver are good anywhere in Canada.

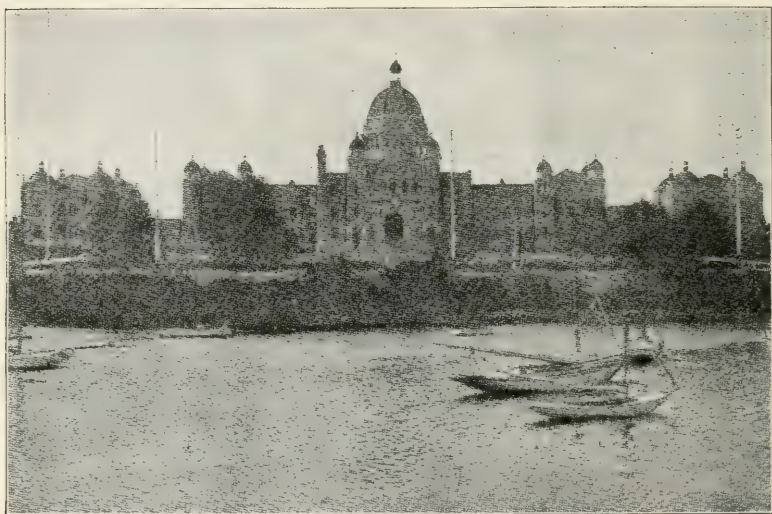
OFF FOR VICTORIA.

From Seattle we can reach the Dominion by land or water. As we have had so much railway traveling let us go by sea. The part of Canada we shall first see will be what is known as the Pacific division or British Columbia.

We are steaming into the beautiful harbor of Victoria almost before we know it. It is from this we are to have our first glimpses of Canadian life. Victoria is the capital of British Columbia and is situated on the southern end of Vancouver Island. It has a small harbor with a narrow entrance, but all except the largest ocean steamers can anchor here. Above us on the hills lies the city, the square wooden tower of a Cathedral rising above everything.

Early May in Victoria is certainly delightful. We fully expected to find a cold disagreeable climate and perhaps fogs in a country so far north, but the sky is

clear and blue, and the sun shining bright and warm. The lawns about the houses are green, and in the fields buttercups and daisies are blooming. The people who live here tell us that the climate of Victoria is perfect. Moist winds blow from the warm south for eight months out of the twelve. The thermometer rarely falls below 23° in winter, or rises above 72° in summer.



PARLIAMENT BUILDINGS, VICTORIA, B. C.

Victoria seems like an English town. At every turn you meet Jack Tars and red-coated marines away from their ships for the afternoon. Victoria is a city of homes. The people on the main land call it the home of the moss-backs. The Victorian is so quiet, so easy going, they say that moss grows on his back.

Let us take a walk through the quiet city. It will not take long as it has a population of but twenty-five thousand people.

Notice the houses. They are not built up in rows close together. Each house stands apart, surrounded by its own little garden. Those creepers you see trained over the porches, are honeysuckles. Ferns here reach the height of ten or twelve feet. Even currant bushes grow to a wonderful size; in many gardens they are trained on arbors and hang their berries high overhead. In the clearings about the town, wild rose bushes are matted together by the acre.

The Indians are the laborers here. They take the place of the negroes of the South. They are the "hands" of the sawmills, the "roustabouts" of the steamboats and the wharves; they are the teamsters and the coachmen. Their women often find work as domestic servants.

The houses in the Indian village opposite the city are square or oblong huts with flat roofs and with walls and ceilings of cedar. The floors are of earth. Several families often live together in one house. Then the hut is made three or four times larger. Inside there are no partitions; nevertheless, each family has its own fireside, round which it draws its belongings, and makes its home.

Throughout the province the Chinese are relied upon for the work of the garden, the kitchen, the laundry. The people grumble at them, and write to the newspapers about them. The Labor Unions denounce them. But each grumbler would be at his wits' end if Chinese immigration were stopped. As it is, each Chinaman who enters the Dominion has to pay a tax of fifty dollars. The Japanese, however, are allowed to enter free.

ESQUIMAULT.

Within two miles of the city lies Esquimault, the chief naval base of Great Britain on the Pacific. Let us take the electric cars and look at the men-of-war lying in the harbor; and the big dry-dock in which ships are cleaned and repaired. There is one there now. Look at the men away down thirty-five feet below us. What are they doing? They are scouring and scraping at the sheathing of the ship's hull to get off the barnacles. What are barnacles? A tiny species of shellfish that fastens on a vessel's hull, and lessens its speed.

NANAIMO.

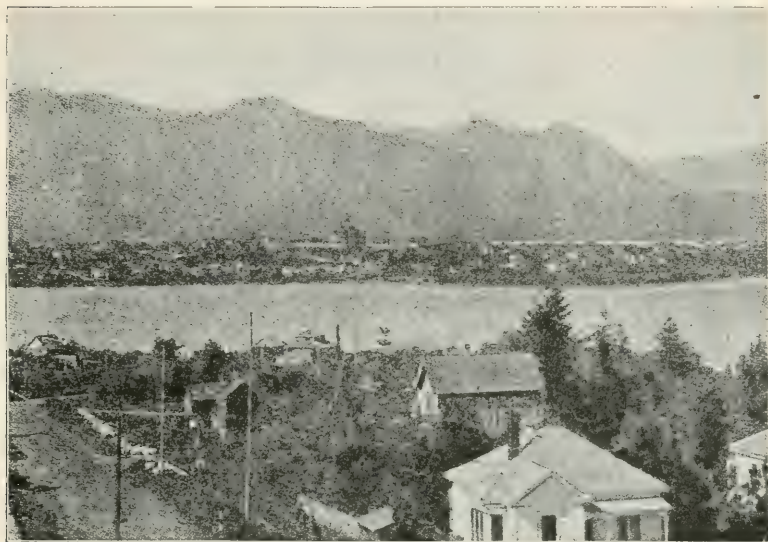
Seventy miles north of Victoria is the town of Nanaimo. There are coal mines there that yield more than a million tons a year. For steam raising purposes the War Department of the United States rates Nanaimo coal above any found in Washington, Oregon, or California. The American steamship lines of China and Australia use it almost exclusively. The Canadian Pacific Railway Company depends upon it for its steamship service to China, and for its railway service to the summit of the Rockies.

VANCOUVER.

Now let us take steamer for the city of Vancouver. It is a six hours' trip. We cross the Gulf of Georgia, and come to anchor in the harbor of the chief commercial city of the Dominion on the Pacific. Beside us lies the "Empress of Japan" discharging her cargo of tea and general merchandise brought from Hong-kong and Yokohama. Within a week the cars of the

Canadian Pacific Railway will have delivered the vessel's lading at Montreal and New York.

In 1885 the site of Vancouver was a wilderness of tall pines and branching cedars. Now it has twenty-five thousand inhabitants enjoying all the comforts



VANCOUVER, BRITISH COLUMBIA

and most of the luxuries of civilization. Churches, schools, stately public buildings adorn the streets. The telephone is everywhere. Electricity lights the miles of asphalt streets, the hotels, and the private residences, and runs a line to New Westminster, the former capital of British Columbia, famous for its canneries and its sawmills.

The water supply is drawn from a mountain stream, and piped to the city by gravitation. Sanitation and

drainage receive careful attention. Stanley Park, with a drive-way ten miles long encircling it, has been presented to the city by the Provincial Government. Here, overlooking the Bay and the Narrows, are forests with stately trees, hanging mosses and mighty ferns.



STREET IN VANCOUVER

Siwashes, the Indians of the coast, camp on the fringes of the Park. In the little coves at the foot of the precipices float flocks of duck, teal, diver and auk. Look down over the bay. See the flotillas of quaint canoes. The Indians in them are trolling for salmon, or deep-fishing for the black cod or skill. Many of the Indians of Vancouver Island are engaged in seal fishing.

All around are mountains. Far away south is the white volcanic mass of Mt. Baker, arising from American territory. Across the English Bay are mountains. Right ahead are mountains. On the farther side of Burrard Inlet range beyond range of mountains rise, covered with forests to their peaks, the home of bear, goat, deer, panther and wild fowl.

British Columbia is a land for fishermen, the lumberman, the hunter and miner.

NORTHERN CANADA.

If we go farther up north through British Columbia and into Yukon we must walk or use sledges and dogs. This is what the miners are obliged to do who carry on mining in the Klondike region. Hundreds of them are making their way northward now, and others who have wintered there are now working every hour in the day. For the summers are short and the ground is frozen two-thirds of the year. Fires must be built on the ground to thaw the earth before it can be dug up.

When the spring comes and the ice melts in the streams the miners take advantage of the running water to wash out the gold from the earth they have carried and piled up along the banks. The summer is their harvest time, as well as that of the farmer. These miners suffer great hardships in order to wring their living from the soil, and many of them die of hunger and cold.

In the far north one sees no trees except willows and birches and a few hardy plants that hug the ground very closely to escape the biting winds. In the short



GOOD MORNING!

summers a little grass and a few flowering plants spring up. Some of these plants produce berries which the Eskimo and birds hunt with pleasure.

If we wished to visit one of the famous whaling grounds in the world we might push our way still farther north up to the mouth of the Mackenzie river. Steamers reach this spot from points on the Pacific by way of the Behring Sea and the Arctic Ocean. A few Eskimo villages are scattered along the coast, but the cold is too intense for any other human beings to exist in this place.

ANIMAL LIFE.

One wonders that animals can live in such a cold place, but one of the sailors tells us that many of the animals of the north live in the sea. There, except-

ing at the surface, the temperature does not go below the freezing point. When the water freezes over many of them migrate southward.

One curious thing he tells us is that the polar bear, the fox, hare and baby seal change their coats to one



CARIBOU.

more nearly resembling snow in the winter time. That's for protection, you see. It helps to hide them from their enemies and enables them to steal upon their prey unobserved. Their food? Most of the animals in the Polar regions live on animal food, but the reindeer, the caribou, musk ox and Arctic hare live on the scanty grass, moss, and berries .

The caribou is the wild reindeer. It has never been tamed, but is hunted for its venison.

What other animals? Well, there are some land birds, the most common being the tough little sparrow and the saucy crow, and the plarmigan, which also changes its plumage to white in winter. Then there are thousands upon thousands of sea birds, that build their nests upon the rocky cliffs.

And insects too. You would not expect to find them here. But when the snow melts and the ground thaws they come out by the millions, especially the mosquitoes.

Farther south are the otter, the ermine, the beaver, the mink, the lynx, deer, moose, the hedge hog, the mountain sheep and goat, grizzly bear, and other animals that are found in the northern part of the United States.

Now let us leave this cheerless region and return to Vancouver. We find the country through which we travel almost destitute of human beings. A solitary Indian, or a hunter or trapper sometimes crosses our path. It is not a pleasant or safe journey, for in the woods are panthers and huge fierce grizzly bears, ready and anxious for a fight.

THE MOOSE.

What a frightful noise! It sounds like the roar of a lion, yet that cannot be. There are no lions here. Ah! There comes an old hunter. Let us ask him. He tells us that it is the moose, that it is sometimes tamed by the Hudson Bay men of the northwest. They use it as the reindeer, as it is fleeter and more

crafty. The full grown moose is the size of a large horse. It is five feet high and weighs from 1,000 to 1,200 pounds.

His antlers are a sight to see, measuring five feet from root to tip. These are cast each year and a new set formed. The head and antlers sell for quite a sum. The skin is used in making moccasins.

The bellow of the moose can be heard for two or three miles. He browses on leaves and twigs and likes the lily roots growing at the bottom of the ponds.

During the heat of summer he stands at mid-day in water in some quiet cove or inland lake, cooling his feet, and safe from flies. Seen thus, he appears motionless; but his eye is intent on every intruder. In October he is dangerous to approach. Later in the autumn, he herds with his fellows. A "moose-yard" is then a bonanza for the hunter, generally an Indian or a half-breed, who may lay in his winter supply of meat, to be used fresh as long as the frost lasts, or smoked for later use.

We will soon be able to see one of these big animals if we will go with this hunter to the trading post. It is the only building one can find in this country.

FUR TRADING POST.

Do you know what such a post means? It is a station for the purchase of skins from the Indians and other hunters. All through this cold country from the Rocky Mountains to the coast of Labrador, these posts are scattered, for Canada is one of the greatest fur producing countries in the world.



A KIPPEWA MOOSE.

Let us enter this building. It seems to be a store. The agent in charge is buying some skins which an Indian has just brought in to sell. He pays for the skins with rifles, powder and shot, knives, blankets and other articles they value.

The hunter's life is a hard one. He must tramp through the snow perhaps a hundred or two hundred

miles from his hunting ground to the post. He must carry upon his back a supply of food and a blanket in which to wrap himself at night, and draw on a sled his furs and camping outfit.

When an Indian selects a hunting ground he pitches his wigwam and then sets his traps. He visits these traps every few days, collects the bodies of the animals caught and re-sets the traps.

If the hunting ground does not prove to be a good one he must break camp and tramp another hundred miles in hope of better luck.

Now the Indians depart and we will ask the agent to tell us something about his work. Does he ever get lonely out there? Yes, very lonely. Sometimes he does not see a white man for six months, or even a year. The work is not pleasant, but then it pays well and he hopes to be a rich man some day and leave this lonesome place. How does he dispose of his furs? During the summer when the ice is partly melted in the Hudson Bay, ships from England bring supplies to the trading posts on the bay and take away the skins that have been bought. The company that employs him, employs hundreds of other agents and Indians. This company controls the trade of the country and ships millions of furs to London every year. It has done a great deal for Canada, in giving employment to so many people.

We shall find that we are able to buy fine fur garments much cheaper in Canada than at home, and so we decide to supply ourselves with coats, hats and collars before returning to the United States.

OVER THE ROCKIES.

The Canadian Pacific Railway will take us from Vancouver on the Pacific Coast entirely across the continent to St. John, New Brunswick. As we leave Vancouver and look out of the car window to the right, we see far below us the deep set inlet. Here and there are villages with mills, and wharves where ocean steamships and sailing craft are loading with sawn timber for all



SALMON FLEET—FRASER RIVER.

parts of the world. On the left are gigantic trees; twenty, thirty, and even forty feet round.

At Port Moody the line swerves to the left through a mighty forest. Now we are out of it. Look! There lies the mighty Fraser River; and, far beyond, the white crest of Mt. Baker.

Gradually the canyons and cliffs approach. Here and there are rude Indian farms. Across the broad

river, as we draw near Yale, is an Indian village. What are those men doing down by the river side? They are washing the gravel for gold. Are they Indians? No, they are Chinamen. Indians would starve at the business.

At Yale we have reached the head of navigation on the lower Fraser. Now we are at the entrance to the Fraser canyon. The railway passes from tunnel to bridge, and from bridge to tunnel. Looking down we catch sight of ponderous masses of rock, polished like black glass, obstructing the foaming current of the river.

At North Bend we leave the cars to lunch at the Fraser Canyon House. Gathered round the pretty little hotel are many Siwashes. They are undersized specimens of Indians with heads, mouths and nostrils broad almost to deformity. Many bear the marks of smallpox. They live by fishing and doing chores for white men. They are industrious, good natured and law-abiding.

The wooden cottages of these Indians differ from those of white men chiefly in odor. There is generally a sort of verandah, which is used as a safe for valuables and as a pantry for fish, ancient and modern. Just look at that Kloochman, or squaw. What is that on her back? It is a "moss-bag." What has she got in it? A papoose. The baby is bound in bands of bark. It moves only its eyes. It never cries, at least it doesn't while we are here.

The dusk is gathering as we resume our journey. We can just make out that the canyon alternately widens and narrows as we hasten upwards. We rush

into a tunnel and, after emerging in safety, cross the Fraser river.

Let us find out something about this man Fraser, after whom is named the mighty river we have seen all day.

In his journal he relates how, while in the employ of the North Western Fur Company, he crossed from the headwaters of the Peace River, and found and followed what he believed to be the upper part of the Columbia River. With great difficulty he descended in canoes its unknown canyons, constantly resisted by hostile Indians, and exposed to starvation as well as violent death in many forms. It is a marvel how even his hardy voyageurs were able to hold out. He forced his way down those gorges which we passed through today, and at last reached tide-water only to learn that it was not the Columbia, but a new river, which the world has called after his name.

The hostility of the Indians became so aggressive that he was compelled to turn back without seeing—though he had smelt—the salt water, and fight his way homeward. Few explorers have better earned their honors than Fraser and his men.

We are up before six o'clock, and go to the rear end of the car for a breath of fresh air. The sun is rising above the eastern hills. How cool and bracing the air feels, perhaps a little bit "nippy." Let us put on something warmer.

We are at Sicamous Junction, 335 miles from Vancouver. No wonder the air is sharp; we are now at an altitude of 1300 feet. Below us lies the Great Shuswap Lake.

Down to the southward lie the Kootenay and Nelson Districts, studded with mines and mining towns down to the very Boundry country.

Did you notice that curious looking canoe at Sica-mous Junction? That was a Kootenay canoe. It was built for the rushing rivers of the Kooteney region, where the ordinary canoe would be unmanageable. Its ends are low and pointed; but instead of turning up in the graceful prow and stern, characteristic of the eastern birch-bark, they turn down and reach fore and aft in long points underneath the water-line, like the ram of a modern ironclad. This gives the light vessel a hold upon the water, and renders it manageable in the fierce currents of the Columbia and the Kootenay.

Now we descend; the grade is easy. We are amazed to find that at Revelstoke, only nine miles from Clan-william, we have climbed down 520 feet.

We are at the base of the Selkirks. An observation car, open as a verandah, has been attached to the train.

At Albert Canyon we find that we have ascended 1400 feet in the last hour. Just east of the station, the train runs suddenly between the rocky walls of a short tunnel-like cutting, and halts beside an awful chasm. Between the rails and the precipitous brink stout balconies have been built. We leave the train, and lean over to look down. Nearly 300 feet below roars and rushes a sea-green, foamy river compressed between rocks into a twenty-feet-wide flume.

Twenty miles farther on, and 1300 feet higher, is the great glacier of the Selkirks. Shall we stop over a day, and see what a glacier is like? Later on in the season



GREAT GLACIER OF THE SELKIRKS

we should have to face an army of mosquitos. As yet, however, insect life is dormant. On the lawn at Glacier House the grass makes a brave show in sunny spots.

But we have come to see the glacier. It begins about two miles from the station. The moraines and splintered forests at its foot give us a hint of its destructive power. Some glaciers advance every year, but this one recedes, and so the hotel below is in no danger.

Eighteen miles broad is the glacier of the Selkirks; but we shall be content if we reach the foot of it. We can guess what the rest is like.

The road from the hotel leads through woods of fir and spruce and balsam and tamarack. Here you

might meet a grizzly, and not be so much surprised as you might suppose. The great boulder, hurled down by the glacier in the childhood of the earth, is called the Lover's Seat.

Now we pause at the edge of the glacier torrent, Illecillewaet. The path crosses and recrosses the river over bridges of tree trunks. As the path mounts, the outlook widens over giant boulders and blasted pines. Now we have reached the forefoot of the glacier. A turn of the road brings us close to a mass of ice 2,500 feet high and hundreds of feet thick. From be-



neath its edge trinkle tiny rills. A few feet below they league and become a stream. The glacier fills the mountain gorge as the falls fill the gorge at Niagara. The crest is gashed and splintered into innumerable crevasses. The cold is intense; let us go back.

Just east of the Glacier House is a long snow-shed—the finest on the line, they tell us. We do not pass through it, but along an outer track used in summer time. It is at this portion of the line that the snow gives most trouble in the winter.

Snow-sheds are fortifications against the artillery of the mountains—the dread avalanches that follow the forest fires; for, when once the trees are burnt off these steep slopes, there is nothing to hinder the snow from sliding down. In summer the roof of the snow-shed forms a popular promenade.

We resume our journey. Two miles from Glacier we cross the summit of the Selkirk range, at an alti-



THE THREE SISTERS, CANMORE.

tude of 4,390 feet. A little beyond is Roger's Pass, a valley reserved by the government as a national park.

At short intervals we cross noble cascades on timber bridges of tremendous height. Notice that man far down the slope. He is one of the watchmen whose duty it is to examine the bridges day and night to see that no flaw develops in the massive timbers.

We are climbing down fast. Presently we cross the Columbia—here a fine broad river sweeping round the base of the mountain range we have just left. For twenty miles we skirt its banks, with the rugged Rockies on the left and the steepled Selkirks on the right.

On we go up the side of the Van Horne range of the Rockies to Field. Here we stop for an hour for supper at the Mount Stephen House. Neither servants nor hotel manager, it is said, ever stay here long. They are afraid of going melancholy mad. Mount Stephen weighs upon their spirits. High above the hotel it rises sheer from the flat bed of the Wapta. It is an evil giant guarding the vast treasures of silver hidden within its ribs.

The westering sun is gilding the great glacier on its crest as we board the train again.

We labor up the last heights of the Rockies, the heavy snorts of the locomotive echoing loudly among the giant firs that shut in the track. In an hour we cross the summit at an altitude of 5,296 feet, and begin the descent of the Atlantic slope.

LAKE LOUISE.

Far above the line to the right nestles a trio of snow-fed lakes, cold, dim and deep—the Lakes in the Clouds.



LAKE LOUISE AND CHALET.

Two and a half miles from Laggan station is the first and loveliest of these—Lake Louise. It lies in a hollow between two mountains, one of which rises in a perpendicular wall 2,000 feet above the water, which has a wonderful hue of green. All around are vast, dark pine woods. Upon the nearer margin stands a picturesque Chalet hotel.

BANFF.

As night is falling we reach the Banff Hot Springs. From the station a drive of ten minutes through a whispering forest of small pine trees brings us to the Canadian Pacific Hotel, a stately pile built upon a ter-

race overlooking the confluence of the Spray and the Bow rivers.

From this as a center can be seen to the best advantage the panorama of the National Park, a reservation



BANFF HOT SPRINGS.

twenty six miles long by ten miles wide. The hotel is four stories high. As there are elevators, the top story is the best from which to view the surrounding scenery.

Over there, to the southeast, is Sulphur Mountain, with its healing springs, whose virtues are attested by the crutches festooning the bath-house. At the government baths for twenty-five cents one gets a bath and towels. These sulphur baths are not only a sov-

foreign remedy for rheumatism; they afford a delicious tonic. The temperature is about 80 deg. Fah.

Next in attraction to the baths, come driving to the Devil's lake and canoeing on the Vermilion lakes. A row on the Bow river is an event to be remembered. The mountains change with every turn of the curving stream. There is strength, majesty and glory everywhere. The peaks rise straight to the sky.

The glaciers under the sun's rays fill with crimson and gold light. The river is deep and clear. The boat glides on over the deeps like a thing of air. Mountains come and go in silence. Cascades thunder through the still air. Far aloft a solitary eagle wings its flight to the distant summits. Here and there the dark form of an Indian crosses the line of sight.

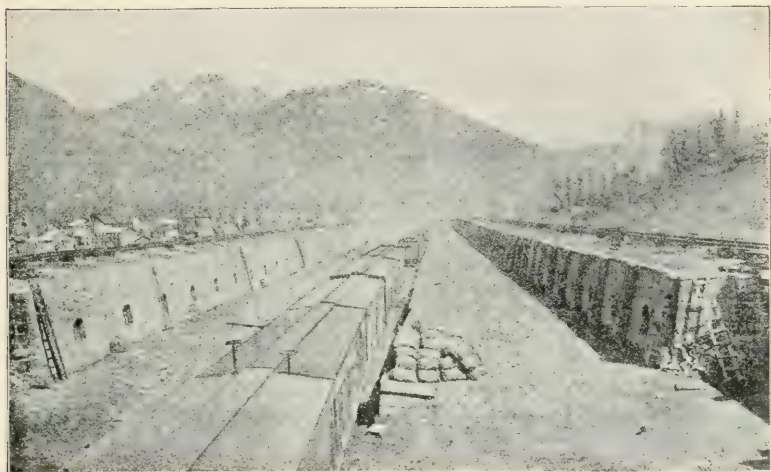


Banff is the place to see fantastic rocks. Northward the Cascade Mountain is a glorious pyramid of bare rock. Castle Mountain recalls pictures of the feudal castles on the Rhine. Beyond lies the saw-back range, with ragged rims and pinnacles. Eastward towers the sharp cone of Peechee, 10,000 feet high. Westward gleam the snowy central heights of the Main range. The isolated bluff to the south is Tunnel mountain, and just behind the station Rundle Peak cuts off all further view in that direction.

CALGARY.

Past Anthracite, with its great coal mines, and Canmore, with its Three Sisters—the last peaks of the

Rockies—through the Gap, we reach Calgary. This is the center of the trade of the northern part of the great ranching country, and the chief source of supply for the mining districts in the mountains we have just left. Here we meet with the stalwart, red-coated, top-



COKE OVENS AT FERNIE, BRITISH COLUMBIA.

booted troopers of the mounted police—the “Riders of the Plains.” They are really soldiers, but they act also as magistrates, sheriffs, detectives, town constables, customs officers, license inspectors, fire wardens, court clerks, crown-timber agents, health officers, hide inspectors, game wardens, relief officers, crown prosecutors, food inspectors and mail carriers. Their beat covers a country that measures one thousand miles from east to west and two thousand from north to south. They are well paid, well fed, well dressed, well armed and well horsed. Within their sphere no train

robberies have ever taken place, nor any lynchings. Law reigns supreme.

PRAIRIE LAND.

One last, backward look at the Rockies, one hundred and fifty miles away, and we turn to face prairie land. But for more than a hundred miles we steam across the cattle plains. The country is broken, with lakes and ponds in the depressions. Here the buffalo used to roam. Now, in their place, we see Galloway cattle in vast herds. On the surface the pastures are rich with springing grass; they are richer still below with coal measures and natural gas.

At Moosejaw we enter at last upon the prairies. Look at the dark, plowed fields, and the fresh green of spring wheat, and the thin columns of smoke rising from distant farm-houses. We are in a land inhabited. Ask this prosperous-looking farmer in the car with us something of his history. He tells us that he migrated from Ontario with nothing but his hands and his determination to make a living. He came out on a laborer's cheap excursion train. He hired out for the summer for forty dollars a month and board. He saved most of his wages. He prospected a little for himself. He discovered a fertile tract of land near a stream. With the help of his neighbors he built a house.

What kind of a house? He tells us that, too. First came a foundation of oak logs; oak never rots with the damp. On that were laid poplar logs, cut from the banks of the stream. The chinks between the logs were filled with bits of board, and then the walls were plastered with clay, that soon hardens and keeps the

wind completely out. The roof was of British Columbia shingles. There were just two rooms, one in each story, and a ladder made a capital staircase. The house once built, and a few acres broken up and seeded down in wheat, our farmer went back to marry a wife and bring her to the new home.



While his wheat was ripening he planted enough potatoes to carry them over the winter. His wheat was harvested. Some of it was sold for farm machinery, a horse and a cow with calf. A barn was built to shelter the cattle. In the winter he went to the nearest town to work till April. Then he came home, broke up more land, sowed more wheat, raised a larger crop, bought more cattle, and was able to stay at home all winter. In six years he had become comfortably well off, had paid for everything, and was able to hire labor. This is a great wheat country. The prairie soil is so rich that for sixty years wheat has been raised in the same fields without dressing. In the wheat kernel here there are three grains, while farther south there are but two. So, thirty bushels of wheat can be thrashed from an acre here, when only twenty can be grown on an acre of land farther south.

PRAIRIE INDIANS.

At many of the stations we notice little groups of Indians in mocassins and blankets. Some are pleasant, sensible-looking men and women. Most have buffalo horns to sell to the passengers. Though the buffalo is extinct, except for a few specimens in the National

Park and at Stony Mountain, near Winnipeg, yet these Indians know where to find the skeletons and horns. They ask a dollar a pair, but they will take less if we can spare time to bargain.

Though there are so many tribes, differing in language and in manners, yet in religion they are one from Labrador to the Pacific coast. All believe in spirits—spirits which inhabit earth, air, water and animals. Their protection must be sought; their vengeance must be avoided.



What kind of idols have they?

None at all. They make no images of these spirits. They pay special reverence to the sun and moon, and to one Great Spirit under different names.

Do they believe in a future life?

The conductor tells us there is an Indian Chief on board this train. Let us get an introduction to him and ask him. His name is Big Plume. He is a Black-foot Chief.

This is what Big Plume thinks becomes of the soul after death:

“The souls of all Blackfoot Indians go to the Sand-hills, north of the Cyprus hills, and east of the Black-foot country.”

“How do you know?”

“At a distance we can see them hunting buffalo, and we can hear them talking and praying, and inviting one another to their feasts. In summer we often go there, and we see the trails of the spirits, and the places where they have been camping. I have been

there myself and have seen them, and heard them beating their drums. We can see them in the distance, but when we get near to them they vanish. I cannot say whether or not they see the Great Spirit. I believe they will live forever. All the Blackfeet believe this; also the Sarces, Stonies, Atsinas and Crees. The Crees, after death, will go to the Sandhills further north. There will still be fighting between the Crees and the Blackfeet in the other world. Dogs and horses go to the Sandhills, too; also the spirits of dead buffaloes. We hand these beliefs down to our children. We point out to our children various places where Napi, the Great Spirit, slept, or walked, or hunted; and thus our children remember."

To-day the majority of the Canadian Indians are Christians. Of the one hundred thousand Indians in the Dominion, nearly ten thousand are pupils in the 281 schools set apart for their instruction. Many Indians have become progressive farmers. In the Province of Ontario they cultivate over 50,000 acres, and last year raised nearly half a million bushels of grain, besides other farm produce. By their fish and fur sales alone the Indians throughout Canada raise yearly a million and a half of dollars.

Let us look at one of their wigwams. Not one of those to be seen on the outskirts of any of the prairie towns, but one in the northern forests far from the presence of the white man, on the slopes that lead down to Hudson's Bay. It will take us a little out of our way, but we shall have seen the red man's dwelling unmarred by white influence. It is May by the calendar, but spring is still far away.

We are in the depths of a forest of spruce and balsam, with a sprinkling of birch and aspen. The ground between the trunks of the trees is of dazzling whiteness, beside which the green of the firs looks black. All round is a tangle of trees standing or fallen. Where we are it is somewhat more open, and bears evidence of having been used as a camping ground. Stumps just showing above the snow and bearing



WIGWAM.

marks of the axe speak of many a good camp fire. Snow-shoe tracks show where the Indians have been for firewood, or to visit their snares and traps. At this hour we are sure to find them in their wigwams. Here is one just in front of us. It is a cone or sugar-loaf, ten feet high to the apex where the poles cross,

and then project two or three feet beyond. It is about fourteen feet in diameter at the ground. Five-sixths of this cone from the ground is covered with deerskins or birch bark, cotton or sailcloth, with a deep, soft outer covering of moss, leaving the top open for the smoke. Round this tent, hung on the trees or on poles, you see snowshoes, tapanasks or toboggans, perhaps some fur and other articles which you would expect to see in a wardrobe or larder. But, come in to get warm; it is no joke standing here, with the thermometer away down. We are sure of a welcome. What is that? Don't be afraid. Just give a kick or a stroke with your stick. No; they are not wolves, only dogs. They are useful for hauling or hunting, but it is little in the way of thanks that they get from their masters. Poor fellows! They are used to being beaten, and, for all their show of ferocity, will crawl away if you show a determined front.

Now, then, stoop low; lift up that hanging flap of blanket, and enter! Ah, yes; but the dog has slunk in between your legs! At once there is a shout of "*wuluwee!*" (get out), and a grabbing for sticks, lighted or not, no matter, with which to belabor him. Never mind the smoke in your eyes. Sit, kneel or squat on the brush floor, or on the skin which the host spreads for you. When the door-flap is adjusted it is not so bad; most of the smoke will go straight out at the top.

Well, it is fairly warm in here, if not very clean or comfortable. You must not expect cleanliness with six to ten persons living in the tent, and the weather so cold that they hate to go outside to do any house-

hold work. Skinning, cleaning, cooking game, eating and washing up, as well as personal toilet, all goes on within the wigwam. Too often the floor is scullery, sink and refuse heap. The dogs, however, do not allow much to lie there long.

But you cannot complain of a lack of welcome. The owner of the tent is not talkative, but he means his "what cheer," which his forefathers adopted from the Hudson's Bay sailors. He probably adds: "*Ne sikelasin*" ("I am glad to see you.")

How many people are there in the wigwam? Let us see. There is the old man and his wife, his son, with wife and children, three boys and two girls. Besides, there is a funny, chrysalis-looking object, laced up and strapped to a board, with only a fat face, and two black, beady eyes showing. That is the baby, in its moss bag and cradle. The old man can read, and so can the older children. Wrapped up in moose skin, they have Bible and prayer-books and hymn books. They are all Christians. In fact there is not a heathen Indian within five hundred miles of Hudson's Bay.

WINNIPEG.

Here we are at Winnipeg, where the forests end and the prairies begin. With thousands of miles of river, navigation to the north, south and west, and with railways radiating in every direction, Winnipeg has become the commercial metropolis of the Canadian northwest.

THE FOREST REGION.

We have left prairie land behind us. Now we enter the eastern division of the Dominion. It extends

from Ontario to Nova Scotia. It contains the greater part of the wealth and population. It is the forest section.

As we pass through the Rainy River district we see few evidences of the presence of man. Vast, unbroken woods stretch mile upon mile. The streams we cross are running north-east to join the Albany River and fall into James' Bay. Now we are at the height of land. The waters begin to run south to Lake Superior, the greatest fresh water lake on earth. It is a land of streams. They furnish highways for the saw logs and will soon furnish power for the saw mills and the pulp mills rapidly being established at centers like Rat Portage.

We have reached Fort William. Here in the days of the Hudson's Bay Company, the factors, traders and voyageurs used to meet once a year to settle accounts, feast and plan the work for the coming year. The fur house of the old fort is now the engine house or the great coal docks and the capacious elevators. Here are stored the crops of the North-West for shipment by lake and canal to Buffalo and Montreal.

As the the C. P. R. steamers are not running yet, we continue by railway round the head of Lake Superior. Bordering the line the region seems a waste of rocks, the rubbish of a world. But a few miles north the endless, unbroken forest holds the ground.

Richer and more enduring in value than the gold mines of the Yukon are the forests of Ontario and Quebec. In felling timber and rafting it often fifty thousand men are employed, and hundreds of vessels are busy carrying the logs and lumber to the ends of the earth.

THE USE OF SNOW.

Did you ever ask yourself what is the use of snow? Many answers may be given. In the forest regions we can see at once its enormous value. Snow is the only possible roadway in the mountain forest and in the low-land wood. Snow is the railway which Nature lays down every winter from the foot of every pine tree to the river that, when the ice breaks up, carries the logs to the saw mills in the centers of the lumber industry.

A VISIT TO THE NICKEL MINES.

At Sudbury we stop to pay a visit to the famous nickel mines.

Look at this long, narrow piece of shining metal. It came out of one of the Copper Cliff mines. Surely, there is gold in it, and silver, too? No, but it contains ores almost as valuable. It is a specimen of the nickel and copper ore that has made Sudbury famous. In no other part of the world is nickel to be found in such quantities.

Take up the specimen, examine it closely. What looks like gold in it is really copper; and what looks like silver is a rarer metal, nickel. An alloy of two and a half per cent of nickel doubles the strength of steel.

Wherever strength and tenacity are required, as in armor for battle ships, in bridges and rails and in great guns, nickel must be employed.

Now notice those faint greenish lines running through the metal. They indicate sulphur. This is burned out on the great roasting beds that we shall take a look at presently. There is iron in this speci-

men, too; but you can hardly detect its presence by the eye.

These nickel mines and their surroundings are worth inspecting. There is no gas to be feared. The air is fresh and pure. On the surface, smelters are at work night and day. Far down below, men are drilling into the heart of the rock, charging, touching the fuse, and then clearing out until a voice cries from some safe corner: "All over." Then the drilling goes on again. The skips laden with ore race up and down. The feeders bend to their work, shovelling now ore, now coke, into the great furnaces. The flames leap, roaring for more. The ore and coke buggies roll incessantly, dumping as fast as the furnace men can attend to them. There is not an idle moment.

SAULT SAINTE MARIE.

Now let us take the branch line of the C. P. R. to the "Soo" as the Sault Ste. Marie people call their town.

A few years ago the town was on the verge of bankruptcy. In order to attract manufacturing industries it had saddled itself with a large debt, incurred in building a waterpower canal. The people were discouraged. Property was being sold for taxes. Citizens who could, left the place. How different is the position to-day! To what is the change for the better due? To the advent of J. H. Clergue, a New Englander from the State of Maine. The story of what he has accomplished reads like an extract from the "Swiss Family Robinson."

Mr. Clergue and his associates bought the water-

power canal at its cost to the town. With Lake Superior for a mill-pond there is no danger of drought. He enlarged the canal to a capacity of twenty thousand horse-power, and contracted to supply the town with electric power and light.

Still, most of the power was running to waste. What could he do with it? There were thickly wooded uplands. Could not something be done with them? What were the trees? Spruce mostly. What is spruce good for? Pulp for making paper. He sent an army of choppers into the woods to cut down the trees. He set his power in motion. Huge grindstones revolved, gripping the spruce logs, and grinding them into a pulpy mass. This was shipped away to the paper mills.

But fifty per cent. of the pulp consisted of Lake Superior water, and paying freight on it was not a good investment. Could he not keep this water at the Soo, and ship the pulp dry? After many experiments he invented a process for drying the pulp.

He built a foundry and machine shops to carry out his invention; and today the Soo pulp mills are not only the largest in the world, but they are the only mills on the continent in which dry pulp is manufactured.

But mechanical pulp is the crudest form of paper making material. It can be utilized in the manufacture of only the coarsest grades of paper. To produce higher grades it must be blended with chemical pulp. But sulphur, the main ingredient in the manufacture of chemical pulp, would have to be imported, and Mr. Clergue had resolved to import nothing.

He happened to hear that the nickel and copper ore of the Sudbury mines contained a large per centage of sulphur, which was being absolutely wasted in the course of treatment adopted by the Canada Copper Company. He secured samples of the ore. He experimented. At last he discovered a method of producing ferro-nickel steel, and as a by-product, sulphuric acid and sulphurous anhydride.

Upon this discovery he bought the Gertrude nickel mine near Sudbury. Now he had an ample supply of ore for ferro-nickel steel and of sulphuric acid for making chemical pulp.

He built a sulphite mill. There the sulphur saved goes to make the raw material required in the manufacture of chemical pulp; and also produces sulphuric acid, sulphurous anhydride and sulphurous acid, all three marketable products.

His ferro-nickel steel was sent to manufacturers, and proved so superior to every other grade in the market that the great Krupp firm contracted to buy all he could possibly turn out.

Finding that the percentage of nickel in the steel made by him was much higher than called for in his contract, he cast about for an iron ore to smelt with the nickel.

He discovered at Michipicoton, within easy reach of the Soo, deposits of red and brown hematite iron, probably the largest in the world.

This was the very thing he required.

He acquired the property in which the lodes lay. He opened the mines, built docks for the shipment of the ore, and barges for its conveyance to the Soo.

He erected blast furnaces, with an output of over a thousand tons a day, and giving employment to three thousand men.

But in the winter the barges are useless. There must be a railway to bring the ore down.

That railway is being built. Soon it will tap Hudson's Bay. There seagoing steamers will bear the products of his pulp mills and blast furnaces and sulphite mills to the markets of Europe.

The government of Canada has made him ample land grant; and he has undertaken to settle ten thousand farmers and agricultural laborers every year upon farms laid out along the route of his railway.

HOW PULP IS MADE.

In August the wood crews, from six hundred to seven hundred men, are sent into the forest. The trees are cut down and skidded in piles. When snow comes, the logs are drawn from the skidways, and laid upon the ice covering the larger streams. In spring the logs are steered to the lake shore, where they are bound together and towed in rafts of about five thousand cords each. At the mill each log is sawn into lengths of twenty-four inches. It then passes to the barker, the sharp revolving knives of which soon strip it of its covering. The bark is blown to the boiler house, and furnishes the steam for drying the manufactured pulp. The stock next passes through water to free it of all impurities, and is then carried to the grinders to be separated into small fibres.

The wet pulp passes into a metal receptacle, and is caught up and evenly distributed on a revolving blan-

ket, from which it passes between metal rollers, which subject it to a pressure of 500 pounds to the square inch. After emerging from the rollers it is fifty per cent. water and fifty per cent. pulp. It then passes over a steam-heated metal drum, and is rolled on a spindle, a continuous sheet of thin, dry, pressed pulp, resembling coarse wrapping paper.

We are back again on the main line of the C. P. R. Three hundred miles to the south of us lie the cities of Toronto, Hamilton and London; centers of commerce, manufacture, and of higher education. But we cannot visit them. We hasten on to Mattawa and the Highlands of Ontario. From Mattawa a two hours' run brings us to Lake Temiscamingue, a body of water that stretches for seventy-five miles with a varying width of from one to three miles. It is the great link in the chain of waterways by which all parts of this region are reached. Here, and along the heights back of the Georgian Bay, is the chosen haunt of the moose. The moose likes to see where he is and who are his neighbors. He feels at home in a country well watered by small lakes and streams, with ridges and upheavals, as from these he obtains good views of the surrounding region.

Moose are increasing rapidly, owing to the close season that has been established for some years, and to the protection afforded them by the rangers in Algonquin park.

The park is a wise creation of the Ontario Provincial government. Out of the public domain they have set apart and withdrawn from sale and settlement a block 1,733 square miles, of which 181 are covered by water.

This park consists of hilly and rocky land, covered with forests. It has many streams and lakes abounding in fish. Although equally magnificent cover for game may have been preserved before for royal sportsmen, it has never been preserved, in the Old World, for the "benefit, advantage and enjoyment of the people."

Already the protection afforded to wild animals has been rewarded. There are at least sixty places in the Park where families of

BEAVER

have recently located themselves on waters where they have never before been found.

The beaver is the largest gnawing animal in North America. His body is about three feet long, and his tail nine inches. He weighs, on an average, forty pounds.

He is a great builder—the leading carpenter among animals. He lives in and about streams of water. His house is like a huge bird's nest turned upside down. It is built in lakes or by the edge of dams and ponds, and is from eight to eighteen feet in diameter.

The entrance to the house is generally three feet below the level of the water. The chamber is rather low, about two feet in height, and has two levels. The lower level is a sloping mud bank, where the beaver emerges from the water and shakes himself; the other level is higher and contains the bed of boughs running round the back of the chamber. The couch is made comfortable by linings of dried grass and soft bark. The interior is kept perfectly clean, no refuse of food being allowed to remain.

When the water is not deep enough in the stream, the beavers build a dam to hold the water back, and thus make it deeper. The dam is made of bushes and poles set in the mud, the space between being filled



THE BEAVER.

in with stones and earth. It is two feet wide at the top and thicker below.

If the length is not very great, it is built straight across the stream; but where the channel is broader, and the current swift, the dam curves up-stream, so as to make it stronger. The mud and stones are brought up from the bottom of the stream, and carried by the beaver under its chin in its forepaws. The beaver can gnaw through trunks of trees six and even twelve inches in diameter. After the tree falls, the

beaver cuts it into suitable lengths of six or ten feet, and drags them, one at a time, away to the house or dam.

The beaver uses its broad tail as a help in swimming. Its food consists of the bark of the willow, poplar and birch, and the roots of the yellow pond lily. It feeds in the evening and during the night. At this time it works at house-building. Beavers are so timid and cautious that it is very difficult to watch them. What we know about their habits has been learned chiefly from the Indians.



THE NOTCH OF THE MONTREAL RIVER.

THE MONTREAL RIVER.

Lake Temiscamingue receives the waters of many rivers throughout its length. The largest of these is

the Montreal river. Just before entering the lake it narrows into a seemingly impassable strait called the "Notch."

About thirty miles north of Lake Temiscamingue is the Kippewa river. It flows from Lake Kippewa, falling 300 feet in the nine miles of its length. The falls of the Kippewa are situated three miles from its mouth. Lake Kippewa lies directly east of Lake Temiscamingue. It is dotted with innumerable islets, and its arms spread out in every direction, giving it a coast line of about six hundred miles.

THE FREE GRANT LAND.

In the township around Lake Temiscamingue there is plenty of Free Grant Land. Any man can take up a hundred acres and in three years receive the deeds for his farm from the government, on condition of clearing six acres, building a house and living in it.

Let us take a walk through the bush and get a glimpse of a backwoods farm. We follow the track taken by the cows on their way to and fro between the barn and the rough pasture by the road side. The trees bordering our path are maples, basswood, ash and hemlock. Look down and see those anemones, violets and mocassin flowers.

THE SETTLER'S HOME.

The trees are beginning to thin out. Now we have come to a clearing. The log shanty perched upon a knoll is the settler's home. Near by is a tiny barn. A few acres are fenced in, and are under cultivation. At first sight, stumps appear to be the crop; certainly there are hosts of them. But, look, they are decay-

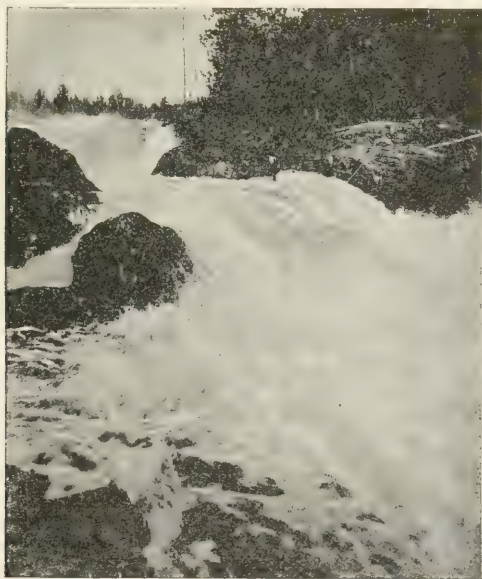
ing; their hearts are powdery dust. Soon they will disappear.

See, there is the owner of the farm plowing among the stumps with a yoke of oxen. Horses have not patience enough for the frequent stoppages caused by the plow-point getting entangled in the roots. The soil is easily worked. It is black, loose and fertile. It will reward the farmer's labor with from twenty-five to forty bushels of wheat to the acre.

Let us ask the farmer for a drink of water. He will tell us what we want to know.

THE SHANTY.

The farm house, or shanty, is very simple. There is not a single nail in it, or a piece of iron in any form



UPPER HALF OF BIG CHUTE, KIPPEWA RIVER

whatever. The axe was the only tool employed in building it. So the farmer tells us.

Four sides of great logs, laid at right angles to each other at the corners, form the walls. The front is one log higher than the rear. The roof is made of bass wood logs, split in the center and scooped out with the axe. There is a door cut out in front, and a window large enough for four small panes of glass. The door and the hinges of it, and the floor, were all made with the axe by the settler, out of white basswood, split and made into thin planks. The seams of the walls are filled with chinking, over which is a thick covering of clay inside and out. The cooking stove serves also to heat the house. Wood, of which there is a superabundance, forms the fuel. On shelves are cups and plates. A cheap clock ticks cheerily. A large Bible lies on the window ledge. A picture of the Queen and an almanac adorn the whitewashed walls. Screened off by curtains made of woven basswood bark are the beds of the family. A table and some stools complete the furniture. Outside, the barn is like the house, except for the chinking and clay filling between the logs. There is a loft for hay, and a manger of basswood, axe-hollowed, for the oxen. This is the pioneer's homestead. Where are his family?

MAPLE SUGAR.

Look at that ox-wagon coming slowly towards us. Nobody seems to be driving. Ah, but look again. On a board in front sits a woman with a long gad in her hand. She has no reins, but she is the driver. The words: "Haw Buck," or "Gee Bright," guide the

oxen to right or left. Behind the woman are three or four children. They are coming home, their faces smeared with taffy and bits of dead leaves. They have been making maple syrup. The great cauldron or kettle in the wagon is half full of it; and so are the children.

In the morning that great cauldron or kettle was empty, they tell us. By the combined strength of the household it was hoisted into the wagon. Tapping gouges, spiles and troughs were added to the load. Then the mistress of the log house and the children, baby and all, crowded onto the rough vehicle drawn by a yoke of oxen. Laughing and shouting at the prospect of plenty of sugar, taffy and maple syrup, the party set out for the bush.



NATURAL CANAL, LAKE KIPPEWA.

The night before had been a little frosty, they said, but the morning sun was bright and hot. When the axe was struck into the maple, how the sap gushed out! But first the kettle had been hung over a pole, and a fire of logs built under it. By the time the fire was ablaze, the buckets were half full of sap. How the little ones screamed with delight, as each with a tiny pail ran from tree to tree, gathering the sweet



CAMPING.

sap and emptying it into the cauldron. Soon steam began to rise. The sap began to change color. Then the children stopped carrying from the trees to watch the thickening sap in the kettle. At last their hopes were crowned. Skimmers, cups, plates were thrust in. Each tasted the sweet reward of toil. Now they were home again, tired and sleepy and happy.

OTTAWA.

We bid our settler friends farewell, and walk back to the station. In the morning we find ourselves in Ottawa, the capital of the Dominion. It is with some difficulty that we are able to get rooms at the Russell House, for Parliament is sitting, and many of the members have their quarters here during the session.

Ottawa owes its importance chiefly to the fact that it is the capital of the confederated provinces. It lies on the south shore of the Ottawa, just where the great river roars down into the cauldron of the Chaudiere Falls. At this point, also, the Ottawa is joined by its tributary the Rideau river, which flows in over a fall of wonderful beauty. The double, curtain-like falls gave the river its name of "Rideau" or curtain.

The Ottawa river forms the boundary between the provinces of Ontario and Quebec. A suspension bridge unites the English with the French province, one hundred yards below the Chaudiere, or cauldron falls.

PARLIAMENT BUILDINGS.

The Parliament buildings, standing on the bluffs of the Ottawa, make a fine display. Few groups of buildings anywhere are so pleasing to the eye. The buildings provide accommodation for the Senate and the House of Commons. The Library stands apart, but so near as to seem, from a little distance, to be one with them.

The eastern, western and southern blocks are departmental buildings. They enclose a vast quadrangle laid out in walks, drives and spacious lawns.



MAIN BUILDING. HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT, OTTAWA

When parliament is in session, as it is now, from the top of the tower of the main building flashes a powerful electric light, visible for twenty miles around.

The chambers for the Senate and for the Commons are alike in size, shape and design. The carpets and upholstery in the Senate chamber are red; those of the House of Commons are green.

In the popular house, galleries extend all round the chamber. Visitors are always welcome, they say: let us see if it be so.

Canada is a self-governing nation. She can tax herself, and levy taxes as heavy as she chooses, upon the imports of any country, Great Britain included. All the taxes raised in Canada are spent in Canada, for the benefit of Canada.

For a measure to become law, it must be passed both by the Senate and the House of Commons, and must receive the assent of the Crown. This is signified by his Majesty's representative, the Governor-General.

The members of the House of Commons, 213 in number, are elected for a term of five years. The members of the Senate, 81 in number, hold office for life. They are appointed nominally by the Crown, but really by the party in power.

A VISIT TO THE HOUSE OF COMMONS

But let us make our way up the hill to the House of Commons. We are courteously received and ushered into a gallery exactly opposite the Speaker. He is chairman of the House. In front of him, on a handsome table, lies a glorified badge of office, called the

mace. While that lies on the table, business may proceed. When it is not there, nothing can be done.

To the right of the Speaker sit the members of the ministry. They are the leaders of the party in power. Their chief is called the premier. A French-Canadian, Sir Wilfrid Laurier, has held the position since 1896. He is a self-made man. By pluck and perseverance he earned the money to put himself through college, and to be called to the bar. With his foot once upon the ladder he rose steadily. To-day he is the Right Hon. Sir Wilfrid Laurier, virtual ruler of Canada.

The Governor General has a two-fold responsibility. He is the political head, under whom Canada governs herself; and he is the social head, under whose lead and example Canada tries to enjoy herself. His official residence is a large, rambling mass of buildings, named Rideau Hall. It stands among its gardens and grounds about two miles down the river from the House of Parliament.

EDUCATION.

There is a public school within a mile of every farm. The men who rule Canada to-day are, almost without exception, farmers' sons who have pushed their way to the front. On education every province in the Dominion spends sums exceedingly large when compared with the total revenue. The schools and the collegiate institutes are free, not as a gift from the rich to the poor, but because they are paid for by the people.

Agricultural colleges, paid for out of taxes, are found in every province. Skilled instructors are sent yearly into every township to show the farmers and their wives the best and most modern methods in dairying, cheese-making, fruit growing and tillage.



SIR WILFRID LAURIER.

WINTER AMUSEMENTS.

In winter the skating and curling rinks, and dizzy toboggan slides of Rideau Hall are freely shared with the public.

The toboggan is the product of the Red Indian's untutored mind. While traveling over the snow on shoeshoes, he drags along his provisions, papooses and treasurers on a toboggan. The toboggan is made of flat hardwood boards, a quarter of an inch in thickness. Its average width is eighteen inches, and length eight feet. The bow is turned up and back to throw off the loose snow. Along the edges run light rods which serve as handle and stays, to which cross-pieces are bound to hold the boards together. The under side is polished to a high degree of smoothness, and the upper side is comfortably padded. Stout thongs made fast to the top of the curved bow are used to draw it, and sometimes to guide it. Any snow-clad hill serves for

TOBOGGANING

if there is a long level at its foot clear of obstructions, over which the toboggan can career after its plunge down the steep slope. The perfection of tobogganing is found on the artificial slides which are raised to a dizzy height, with a wide, deep trough, coated with snow and ice, pitching towards the ground at a fearful angle. As the foot is approached the slope becomes more gentle until it is worked off to the level that stretches for perhaps half a mile beyond. Wooden steps are built up to the platform at the top of the slide, where the start is made. The toboggan dress is much the same as that worn by snowshoers, fur cap, or red and blue toque, blanket coat and sash, fur mittens and buckskin moccasins.

The toboggan is good for one passenger, better for

two and best for three, as the momentum of a heavy load carries it fast and far. The post of danger and delight is, of course, the front seat. This is always given to a lady, because a man must be at the back to steer with hand or foot.

That is how the courteous Speaker of the House of Commons described to us this favorite Canadian winter sport.

RUNNING A TIMBER SLIDE.

We cannot toboggan without snow, and we are in May. But there is a kind of summer tobogganing within our reach, more thrilling, perilous and novel than the other. It is the descent of the timber slides.

The lower town of Ottawa is a hive of industry. It is one mass of sawmills and of factories for turning out everything that was ever made of wood. To Ottawa from the far-off forests are floated the huge rafts of saw logs and squared timber that have been cut down during the winter. Now the rafts cannot be sent over the falls without much loss from the merciless grinding and battering which they would receive. Alongside of the falls, therefore, slides are built. These are long, flat-bottomed, sharply sloping channels of massive stone work and timber. The raft is taken to pieces. The great logs are made up for the descent into "cribs" of about twenty sticks, exactly filling the slide. As they are but slightly fastened together, there is always the chance of a break-up. The pace of the descent is suggestive of falling from a balloon. Come along!

Here is a crib making ready. May we come aboard?

The answer is in French; but the look and gesture say: "Come and welcome." Where are we to sit? Here we are on the highest timber in the rear of the crib. Off we go!

With huge oars the raftsmen steer the crib towards the entrance of the slide, a quarter of a mile away.

Now we begin to feel the current. Our speed is every moment increasing. Now we are in the slide. We are rushing beneath a bridge. The people on it are waving their hands and handkerchiefs to encourage us, we suppose. But we have no time to think. The water is surging through the timbers at our feet. A shower of spray falls over us. There is a smooth rush, a gleam of tossed and tumbled water and with a wild dip which sends the water spurting up about us, we are below the falls, and are towed in to a landing place.

We have run a slide.

CANADIAN CHILDREN.

The English-speaking children of Canada are very much like the children of the States in appearance but they seem more active, vigorous and healthy. They are straight, well formed, strong and rosy-cheeked.

The cold weather does not keep them in the house. They enjoy their winter weather with its months of snow and ice, more than the summer time. Their winters, while long and severe, provide them with their greatest enjoyment.

There are no sudden changes of weather, no fogs, or dismal rainy days, with fogs, and slush, and sleet,

and leaden skies. The winter days are clear and bright and the air is dry. The cold is bracing and inspires them to active out of door exercise. Their favorite games and amusements are the ones that take them out of doors—as skating, tobogganing, sleighing, snowshoeing and ice boating and lacrosse.

The older people join in these pastimes with quite as much enjoyment as the children, and as a result the winter in Canada is a very lively season.

The first snow, which is sure to come before Christmas, is hailed with delight and is the signal for all kinds of fun.

Almost every Canadian boy and girl owns a pair of moose-skin or doe-skin moccasins and a pair of snow shoes. The moccasin is a cross between a shoe and a stocking, and takes the place of both. It protects the snowshoer's feet from the cold as he glides over the ice and snow on his snow shoes.

Some of the children of Canada think of snowshoeing as a sport, others as a necessity. In some parts of the country one is obliged to use snowshoes, or not go about at all. The railways become snowed up, and villages snowed in. The ice is covered so deep that skating or driving is impossible. The crust on the snow is not deep enough to hold even a human being, who wears only ordinary shoes or boots.

So snow shoes are necessary. They were used by the Indians long before white people came to Canada, and every Indian man and many of their women possess them.

The snowshoe is usually over three feet long and a foot and a half wide at its widest part. The frame

work is of hickory strips and the shoe is fastened to the foot with thongs of deer skin. The heel is left free but the toe fits into a place made for it at the front of the shoe. These shoes look light, but the lightest pair weighs almost two pounds. The Indians decorate their snowshoes very gaily. The Canadians ornament theirs with tassels of red wool.

Lacrosse is the national game in Canada, just as baseball is with us. It is played with rackets, something like tennis rackets. The ball is tossed between two goals, as in foot ball. Much skill is displayed in catching the ball on the rackets. Great crowds gather to watch the contest between the different clubs, and the boys and men become just as enthusiastic and excited as do the people who take part in or watch a base ball game.

Many of Canada's children are well taught as far as book lessons go, and many are not. But almost all are taught good manners, and there are no better bred children in the world. They are loyal too, and sing their patriotic songs with as much fervor and earnestness as any of our boys and girls sing their national songs.

The Canadian boy is quite as fond of fire crackers as his republican neighbor, but he fires them on "Dominion Day" instead of the 4th of July. This is the great holiday in Canada, as it marks the day that Canada became a distinct part of the British Empire.

MONTREAL.

From Ottawa we can reach Montreal either by rail or by water. We have had enough of the cars for a

while, so we board the steamer. We shall make the run, they tell us, in ten hours.

There is no monotony on this trip. The river rolls its brown tide between the stern Laurentian hills; over rapids, through wide, many islanded reaches. We overtake, and pass fleets of roomy barges, piled high with yellow planks, and towed by gasping steam tugs.

At Grenville we leave the steamer and take the train for Caillon to avoid the great rapids. There are canals, it is true, but they seem to be used only for freight traffic.

At Caillon we board another steamer. At St. Anne, by a short canal of one lock, we skirt a dangerous rapid. Now we are at

LACHINE.

We cross from the dark waters of the Ottawa to the



IN LACHINE RAPIDS.

blue stream of the St. Lawrence. To the left, five miles away, looms the mountain above Montreal. But everybody rushes to the bow of the boat. "Keep your places; balance the boat," shouts the captain. What is the matter? We are in the Lachine rapids. Before us is a wild turmoil of dashing waves, thrust back from the brown rocks whose smooth, shelving layers flash on every side. There is no pathway visible. And there is no time to pause. We are hurried on headlong by the force of the mighty river. Touch but one of these rocks, and the vessel would be splintered to matches before we had time to scream. But the pilot keeps her head straight—or crooked is it? Anyway, the five miles are done in as many minutes, it seems; and we are floating on the calm unruffled stream below the rapids.

Under the central arch of the Victoria Jubilee bridge we pass, and tie up in the steamer's berth at one of the busy wharves of Montreal.

Beside us lie steamships from all the seven seas, unloading their far-brought treasures into the vast warehouses along the docks. The air smells of the salt sea though the sea is yet more than a hundred miles away. It must be the ropes and sails that exhale the odor of the brine.

Here comes a swarm of cabs, one-horse cabs, every one of them. The drivers are French-Canadians, but they can hail us in English. We take one, and go off at a rattling pace, up hill to the Windsor Hotel in Dominion Square, a lovely park with churches and lofty buildings bordering it.

To-morrow we shall ascend Mount Royal, and see

what we can see. In the meantime let us read up something about this strange city.

Montreal is the greatest city of Quebec and of the Dominion. If the St. Lawrence could be kept open in winter, it would be one of the greatest cities in the world. It is the meeting place of ocean navigation and a great railroad center. Nearly half of the import and export trade of the Dominion passes through Montreal. Its business firms reach out to the Pacific. The Bank of Montreal is the third largest bank in the world. It is the home of merchant princes, and the center of much wealth.

Here is also the meeting place of the two nationalities of eastern Canada. They meet, but they do not mingle. Race and religion divide them. Yet they live side by side with feelings of mutual respect and good will.

MOUNT ROYAL.

We are at the top of the mountain. It is seven hundred feet high. What a view! On all sides stretches an immense plain, through which the St. Lawrence rolls its azure tide. To the south-west is the valley of the Ottawa. Far away to the south-east rise the Memphremagog Hills. Below is the city, built upon terraces marking the former channels of the river.

From these terraces rise many towers and spires. It is a city of churches, and colleges, and hospitals. The eyes tire in the attempt to count them. Let us go down, What is this body of water on the mountain side? It is the reservoir. From the St. Lawrence

five miles above the city, this water has been brought for the use of the citizens.

At Notre Dame street we leave the electric cars and enter the great church from which the street derives its name.



MONTREAL, FROM NOTRE DAME.

NOTRE DAME.

With the exception of the cathedral in Mexico City, Notre Dame is the largest church in America. It can seat ten thousand people. It is a copy of its great namesake of Paris. Its lofty towers are landmarks. They are over two hundred feet high, and contain a peal of eleven bells.

Christ Church Cathedral, the seat of the Anglican bishop, is a perfect example of Gothic architecture. Tablets on the walls record the names and the achievements of men who have served their country well.

BONSECOURS MARKET.

Let us go down by the river side. Here are not only the great English warehouses, but the French market place. It is called Bonsecours Market. Here we see French Canada as it is. Here is the French gesture and the French shrug, but the high pitched French voice is here mellowed to a softer note.

There is a good deal of haggling; for the merchant has no fixed price for his wares. But the haggling is courteous, and is enjoyed by all concerned. At a little distance stands the Place Viger hotel, a handsome structure worthy of the Canadian Pacific.

Close by is the church of Notre Dame De Bonsecours. It is old and plain; but the votive offerings hanging from the roof inside tell of many a heart struggle in bygone days. Here and there, done in silver, hangs the model of a ship. The wife of the sailor had vowed it if he came back safe from the terrors of the Gulf, or from the hazards of the sea. The sailor and his wife are both a century dead, but here still hangs the token of love and faith.

QUEBEC.

We left Montreal last night on the steamer "Montreal" of the Richelieu and Ontario Navigation Company. This morning, on waking, we find ourselves at the company's wharf below the cliffs of Quebec, the

city founded in 1608 by Samuel de Champlain, soldier, sailor, statesman and Christian.

Above us looms the Rock of Quebec, with its fantastic pile of steeples and its ramparts bristling with cannon, useless now, except as relics of battles long ago.

Towering above, gleaming in the sun like a great diamond, stands Cape Diamond, crowned with the



CHATEAU FRONTENAC, QUEBEC.

King's Bastion; and high over all, the Union Jack. Here the fortifications and guns are of the latest type.

THE CALECHE.

Quebec has a population of eighty thousand, mostly cabmen. Let us take one of their cabs, or caleches, as

they are called. The world looks quaint from a calesche; and Quebec quainter, if possible, than it really is. Once in, hold on tightly and keep a brave heart; people are not always upset out of them. The caleche is a two-wheeled vehicle, something like an enormously high jinriksha. Its body is shaped like the bowl of a spoon. It is supported upon two strong leather



A QUEBEC CALECHE.

straps, in place of springs. These straps can be loosened or tightened so as to afford you every variety of jolt, from an agreeable rocking motion to an upset.

There is a seat for two passengers, and a place—or rather, no place, for the driver who balances himself somehow over your feet. Wings over the wheels prevent the mud from reaching you.

The horse is small and shaggy. The driver continually urges him to a gallop with the sharp cry “*Marche, done!*”

Let us drive up Mountain Street to Dufferin Terrace. It lies below the Chateau Frontenac Hotel, but nearly two hundred feet above the river.

Look down at the winding streets of the Lower Town, with its wharves projecting into the stream. On one side are the lofty bluffs of Point Levis, and on the other, the St. Charles river winds away down its peaceful valley. Vessels of all classes and sizes are anchored in the broad basin and the river; and the rich, verdant Isle of Orleans is in mid-stream below. Acre



ST. LOUIS GATE, QUEBEC.

upon acre of timber comes floating down the stream; above the city, and Canadian boat songs just reaching you upon the height. Beyond and above are the bold peaks of the Laurentian range, with Cape Tourmente towering over the river.

We ascend to the Citadel by a winding road leading in from St. Louis street through St. Louis Gate, com-

ing out at last into an open trianuglar parade overlooked by the loopholes of the Dalhousie Bastion.

St. Louis Gate spans the Grand Allee, the historical road down which Montcalm rode from the Heights of Abraham on that September morning fatal to France.

As we follow the zigzag lines of the ramparts, we can well believe that the fortifications cover forty acres.

In the Governor's garden is a noble monument to Montcalm and Wolfe. The Obelisk, sixty-five feet high, bears a Latin inscription to the two heroes. Thus the memory of those who fell in fight against each other is united as closely as if they had both died for the same cause.

On the high ground outside the St. Louis Gate, rise the stately Parliament and Departmental buildings of the Province of Quebec.

On the east side of the market square, near the center of the Upper Town, stands the Basilica, the cathedral church of the French population of the city. The finest paintings in Canada adorn its altars. Many of these, we are told, were bought in France at the Revolu-

tion period, when churches and convents were no longer places of safety.

The Martello Towers are four in number. They were built to protect the



MARTELLLO TOWER.

citizens living outside the walls of the town. They are arranged for the reception of four guns each.



LITTLE CHAMPLAIN STREET.

They are circular in form with walls 13 feet thick towards the country; seven feet thick on the side towards the town.

Little Champlain Street may be taken as a typical street of the Lower Town. It is narrow, precipitous, paved with rough cobble stones, perfectly clean, and lit by electricity, as, indeed, the whole city is, from the power developed by the Montmorenci Falls.

MONTMORENCI FALLS.

We take a drive out to see the Montmorenci Falls. When a mile or two from Quebec, the driver points backwards with his whip, saying: "Behold the silver city!" We turn and look. The afternoon sun shines brightly on the steep, tin roofs, stained by the weather steel gray and grayish green, with patches of dark brown wherever the rust gathers. Under the strong sunlight, the roofs glitter as if made of silver.

Passing a stretch of fields and woodlands, we draw near the falls. We leave our caleche and clamber down the river bank to view them from below. The river here pours over the cliff into the St. Lawrence,

broadening at the edge to about fifty feet, and falling two hundred and fifty feet in a gleaming veil, half water, half spray; not sublime, not even grand, but simply beautiful.

FRENCH CANADIANS.

The French-Canadian farmers, and outside of the cities they are almost all farmers, cling to the old family customs. South of the St. Lawrence, indeed, they are somewhat influenced by the English settlers of the Eastern Townships. But north of the river the "habitans" plod along exactly as their fathers before them did.

Owing to the custom of dividing the land equally among the children; the farms have become mere ribbons, narrow strips with the river and the roads at opposite ends, affording to each owner access by land and by water to the nearest market.

FARM HOUSES.

French-Canadian farm houses are built of wood or stone, with high, steep roofs, broken by dormer windows. The rooms are low. The rough plank floors are bare, except in the parlors. There you are sure to see a yard or two of bright colored rag carpet in front of the large beds curtained off from the rest of the room. A picture of the Holy Family hangs on the wall; and beneath it a stoup of holy water, with a sprig of spruce for a sprinkler. A few chairs and a bureau complete the furniture of the best room.

The dining room, which is also a bedroom on occasion, has a plain pine table; a few basswood seated chairs and a two-storied stove, large enough to take

in a whole cordwood stick. It serves for both heating and cooking purposes, and projects into the parlor through the partition between the two rooms, warming them both. Under the roof are two or three rough



MONTMORENCY FALLS

unfurnished chambers. Here a bed may be made up for a distinguished visitor.

The barns are low, log buildings with thatched roofs. Here the harvest of hay and grain is stored. Here, too, the cattle and horses are housed during the long winter.

A happier or more contented people than the French-Canadian farmers cannot be found anywhere. They are a social people, delighting to live within sound of the parish church bell. They have an im-

mense number of holy days. On these days all labor is suspended to enable them to attend mass, and the subsequent festivities. Sunday is the happiest day of the week. After service all adjourn to the greensward upon the river bank to partake of their frugal meal amid raillery and laughter. Then the afternoon is given up to dancing and singing and other innocent amusements. This, of course, is in summer.

They labor no harder than is necessary to provide for their simple wants. They are a self-contained people. Poverty is rare among them. The wives and daughters spin and weave their own linen and woolen cloth wherewith they clothe themselves. Their small farms yield sufficient for the family use. The maple bush supplies sugar and syrup. The nearest stream or lake yields abundance of luscious trout for fast days. Hares and rabbits are snared in the woods. They have little to sell and less still to buy.

They are courteous and polite in their intercourse with each other and with strangers; even the little children bow and courtesy on the road when passing you. They are hospitable in the extreme, and anticipate every wish of the traveller who knocks at their door. Above all they love their native soil.

FRENCH-CANADIANS IN WINTER.

When the long winter sets in, and all labor is suspended, the people abandon themselves to the delights of that social intercourse of which they are so fond. Day and night the snowy roads resound with the tinkling of sleigh bells, and the merry laugh and song, as gay parties wend their way to and from each other's houses.

The less burdened the French-Canadian is with worldly possessions the happier he is. "No cow no care" is his motto. Yet, though Jean Baptiste's clothes may be well patched, he is never in rags. His little house may contain only the bare necessities, but it is white as whitewash can make it. The children run barefooted, but they get enough to eat to keep them fat and rosy. In the gathering twilight the sound of fiddle or concertina is heard in the land, and light hearts grow lighter to the air of "La Canadienne."

LAKE ST. JOHN.

From Quebec we go to Lake St. John. Sea-like, its wide spread plain of water reaches to the horizon. There are many attractions here for the hunter and the fisherman; but we shall content ourselves with calling in upon the

"MONTAGNAIS."

These dusky, handsome Indians have their reservation here. Once they were a flourishing nation. Two hundred and fifty years ago their alliance was eagerly sought by the French. Together they attacked the Esquimaux in their fort on the island still called after them "Esquimaux Island," and utterly defeated them.

The Esquimaux, or "Eaters of Raw Flesh," retreated to the far north, to Labrador and Greenland, where in 1770 the Moravians followed them, converted and civilized them.

The Montagnais Indians have dwindled until to-day they number at most two thousand.

In the short summer only can we find them at home. In the autumn each family sets off for the woods north-westwards.

The Montagnais place high value upon education. Every one of them can read and write. Where do they learn? In the woods. There there is plenty of leis-



MONTAGNAIS INDIANS

ure time. After visiting their traps and snares, and catching a trout in the stream close by, and cooking their dinner and eating it, there is time still left. They have no society calls to pay or to receive. There is no house to sweep and tidy up. The few dishes are soon washed. Then the father and the mother take out the little books printed in their own language, and set about the task of keeping alive their own knowledge by teaching their children to spell and read and make figures and letters on a piece of birch bark, plucked from the nearest tree. They teach their children their prayers too. For these Montagnais Indians are all Christians.

MAIL SERVICE IN THE WOODS.

Moreover, they have a postal service. What, out in the woods? Yes. True, the delivery is slow; but one cannot have everything.

About the end of October our Indian wants to send news home to the Reservation. He has lost his spelling book; it fell into a river. Or, he wants to tell old granny that his wife, who was sickly when they set out, is well and strong now. Besides, her little grandson is growing to be a famous hunter; he has killed two foxes, and nearly got himself gobbled up by a bear. Would she mind sending him a bottle of Pain Killer and some fishing twine?

All this is written on birch bark, with a pencil, or the point of a thorn. The letter is folded, and stuck into the split in a stick, which is then thrust into the ground in a spot where trees are few. No Indian can pass that without seeing it. He will read the address and if he is going that way, will be its bearer. Two months later, who knows but the writer will find the reply somewhere—a letter telling him where what he asked for has been hidden by another Indian on his way north.

These Montagnais are not eager hunters, but they must live; and before they can roast a deer or a beaver they must skin it. Thus, during the winter they get together a quantity of skins. These they sell at the nearest Hudson's Bay post.

In the summer they return to the reservation, and live under the easy yoke of the chief elected by themselves.

The men dress like the Canadians, but the women—

the squaws—are fond of bright colors, and wear a headdress of red stripes and black, each stripe piped with blue.

Now that tourists have invaded Lake St. John and the Saguenay, our Indians find ready employment



BUILDING THE BARK CANOE.

during the season as hunters and guides, or in making and selling their famous birch-bark canoes.

SAGUENAY.

A two hours' run by rail and we are at Chicoutimi, the head of navigation on the Saguenay river. It is called a river, but it is really an earthquake-cleft chasm sixty-five miles long and from one to two miles wide. The bed of the river—since we must call it so—is 600 feet below the level of the St. Lawrence.

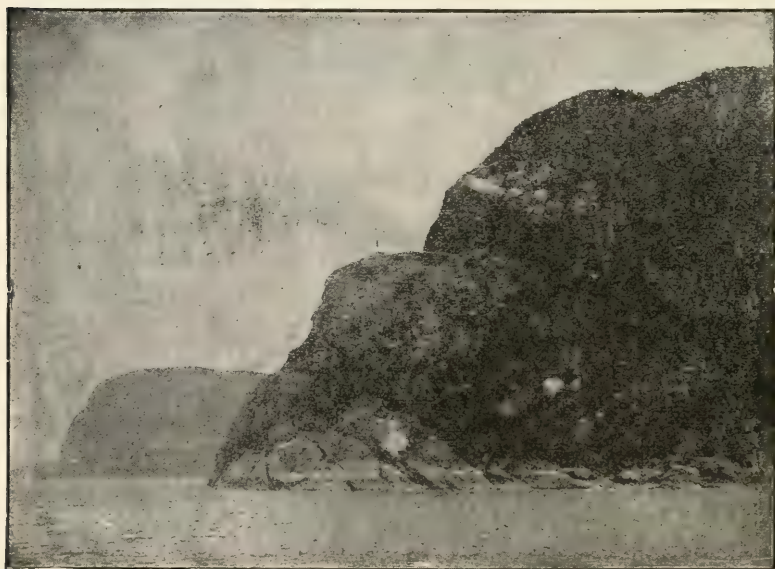
This strange river is a picture of solitude. Even to-day, with a brilliant May sun and clear sky, we sail

for miles and see no sign of life. Not a bird, not even a seagull; not a shanty perched on the cliffs. The water ahead of us is black as tar; churned by the paddles, it becomes a brown foam.

The walls of the chasm are wooded to the very heights, though here and there the hard rock juts out black and bare.

CAPE TRINITY.

Now we are approaching Cape Trinity. Here the cliff has been rent by some mighty force into three divisions, which rise like monstrous steps one above another. A little further down is Cape Eternity. This is a perpendicular shaft of rock rising from the river to a height of 1,500 feet. The top of the cliff, crowned with pines, seems to topple and fall on us as we look.



CAPE ETERNITY AND TRINITY

We stop at Tadoussac. Here can be seen the battery of Jacques Cartier, the early explorer of Canada; the old, weathern-worn hut, once a Hudson's Bay post, and the little Jesuit church, the oldest in America with the exception of the church at St. Augustine, Florida.

NOVA SCOTIA.

Now let us take a little jaunt over into Nova Scotia, the land of Evangeline, of which Longfellow has written. It is one of the most beautiful regions of all Canada, and a famous farming country. Here we will find the most delicious apples grown anywhere in season, and the largest and richest gypsum beds in the world. What is gypsum, do you know? Is there any to be found in the United States?

We must take just a look at Halifax, the capital of Nova Scotia, and the chief naval station of the British empire in western waters.

Halifax is a city full of turf and trees. It is clustered around the citadel. It has the citadel for a heart and the arms of the sea to embrace it. It has a charmingly laid out park, and delightful villas embowered in the woody banks of "The Arm." The city is enlivened with naval and military pomp. Stately men-of-war ride in the harbor. Scarlet-tunicked Canadians saunter along the streets. We spend a day in Halifax driving through its pleasant thoroughfares. We admire its courthouse and fine old mansions. We go over the seat of the provincial legislature and the supreme court. We wander round its old church, full of monuments to scions of noble English families, who died in what was then a distant and perilous service.

THE GREEN MARKET.

Next to the fortifications, one of the most interesting features of Halifax is the green market. Here on Wednesdays and Saturdays the country folk sell their wares on the sidewalks by the post-office.

There are Dutch women from the eastern shore with baskets of green crops nourished on the richest seaweeds. There are Nova Scotia women, who have been driving all night to reach the market. They offer with a friendly smile, primrose butter and pearly eggs.

There are lank-limbed countrymen in gray homespun standing beside their loads of vegetables or salt-marsh hay, bashfully courteous of speech.

Here are a pair of French women with baskets of knitted goods.

There squats a negro matron on the pavement, a short black pipe between her lips. She has bananas to tempt us.

The noble red man and his squaw are there. Their merchandise consists of flag and willow baskets, gayly dyed, and porcupine quill boxes. A bronze-tinted papoose looks at us from the birch-bark basket strapped to his mother's back.

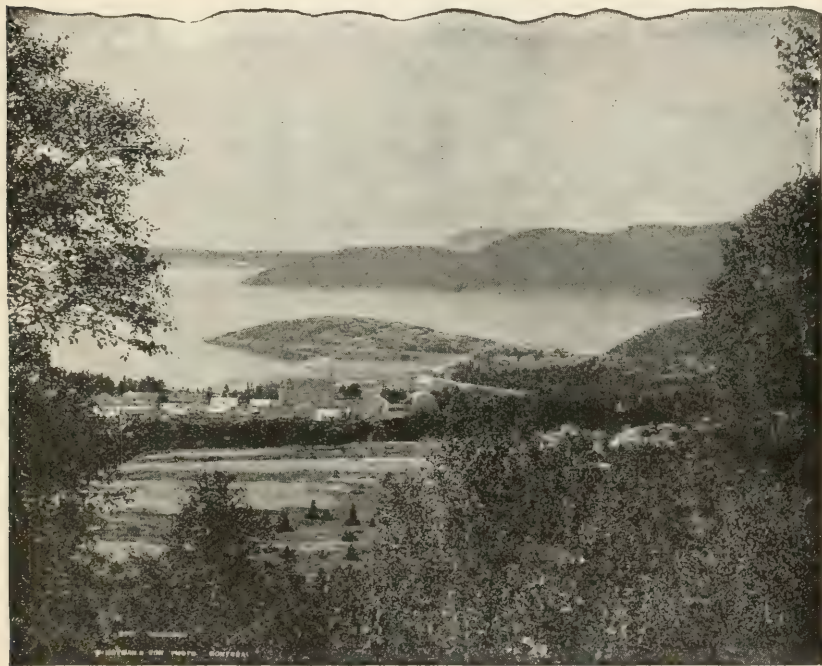
FISHING.

Fishing is an important industry in Canada. Thousands of people in Nova Scotia, Prince Edward Island and Newfoundland are engaged in cod fishing. It was this that first attracted the French to America. All along the shore it furnishes the people their living.

In the last days of May the fishermen along the

coast are making ready to sally out after the cod. As soon as the caplin—a little fish about seven inches in length—appears, the cod appears, following up the vast mass of caplin and feasting on the rich banquet.

Now is the opportunity for the fishermen. Schooners of forty or fifty tons each, manned by a crew of



TADOUSAC, ON THE LOWER ST. LAWRENCE.

eight men and three boys, sail for the nearest fishing-ground and cast anchor.

The two light skiffs carried by each schooner are lowered. Two men get into each and row away to the likeliest spot near by.

They throw out their long lines, baited with caplin, haul up the greedy cod, unhook them, and put on fresh bait. When they have caught five or six hundred they row back to the schooner, transfer their catch and return to fish. Theirs is no eight-hour day. They fish from three o'clock in the morning till nine o'clock at night.

The men on the schooner are not idle. They dress, split, wash, and salt the cod. No part of the fish is wasted. The head is cooked and eaten. The offal and bones are kept to be steamed, dried and ground into fish guano. From the swimming-bladder isinglass is made. The roe is exported to France and used as ground bait in the sardine fishery. The tongue and sounds bring a good price as delicacies. From the liver is extracted cod-liver oil, worth sixty cents a gallon, unrefined.

Three hundred quintals—the quintal weighs 112 pounds—of codfish make a full cargo. The fishermen are content, and sail home. They unload their treasure, wash the salted fish, and spread them out to dry and bleach in the sun. The fish are then graded, and sold on the spot, or shipped to Halifax or Gaspé. Then comes the division of the money: two shares for the schooner; one share each for the eight men, and one-third of a share for each of the boys.

Steamers are just coming into St. John's, Newfoundland, laden with seal skins and blubber. After they unload their cargoes they will return to the Arctic in search of whales. Let us ask this old sailor where they captured these seals. We thought that all the seals came from the Pacific coast island.

He tells us that the seal is the most common of Arctic sea animals. It supplies food for the Canadian Eskimaux, and the polar bear as well as the Alaskans.

The skins are not so valuable, however, as those of the Alaskan seal. The Labrador seal rear their young on the cakes of ice that drift southward in the Labrador current. The steamers go out to hunt them in the early spring and come back in May or June.

We would like to board one of these stout little vessels and take the northern trip, past the coast of Labrador and Baffins Bay and, yes on up to the North Pole. But the old sailor shakes his head. The Arctic summer would be over before we could return and the sea would be frozen over again, and we would be prisoners, or our vessel would be crushed by the icebergs. Many brave men have lost their lives trying to force their way to the North Pole. We must be content with what we can read of what explorers have said and of what the Indians and Eskimaux, the hunters and trappers, tell of the Northland.

GRAND PRE.

Our little journey in Canada is drawing to a close, but before turning our footsteps homeward let us take one glimpse of Grand Pre, the former home of Evangeline. How well we remember Longfellow's description of it. Will we find it the same, I wonder?

“ In the Acadian land, on the shores of the Basin of Minas,
Distant, secluded, still, the little village of Grand Pre
Lay in the fruitful valley. Vast meadows stretched to the eastward,
Giving the village its name and pasture to flocks without number.



THE VILLAGE OF GRAND PRÉ.

Dikes, that the hands of the farmers had raised with labor incessant,
Shut out the turbulent tides ; but at stated seasons the flood-gates
Opened and welcomed the sea to wander at will o'er the meadows.
West and south there were fields of flax, and orchards and cornfields
Spreading afar and unfenced o'er the plain ; and away to the north-
ward

Blomidon rose, and the forests old, and aloft on the mountains
Sea-fogs pitched their tents, and mists from the mighty Atlantic
Looked on the happy valley, but ne'er from their station descended.
There, in the midst of its farms, reposed the Acadian village.

Strongly built were the houses, with frames of oak and of hemlock,
Such as the peasants of Normandy built in the reign of the Henries.
Thatched were the roofs, with dormer-windows ; and gables projecting

Over the basement below protected and shaded the doorway.

There in the tranquil evenings of summer, when brightly the sun-set

Lighted the village street, and gilded the vanes on the chimneys,
Matrons and maidens sat in snow-white caps and in kirtles
Scarlet and blue and green, with distaffs spinning the golden
Flax for the gossiping looms, whose noisy shuttles within doors
Mingled their sound with the whirl of the wheels and the songs of
the maidens.”

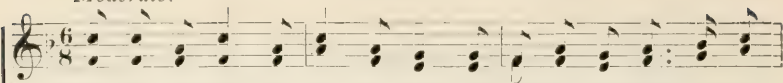
The village of Grand Pre lies before us. The bay, the dikes, the meadow-land, the orchards, and the headland Blomidon are all here, but Grand Pre is not the same. The village contains but one street. The houses are almost hidden from view by the trees, but they are not the houses Longfellow pictured for us. Neither are the people Evangeline’s countrymen.

They look and act very much like the yankees of our own states. We are disappointed, but—never mind—we have many pleasant pictures yet to see before our journey is over.

There is the trip on the St. Lawrence and through the Great Lakes, and last and best of all, beautiful Niagara, the pride of Canada as well as of the United States. But this is a story in itself and must find a place in another book.

CANADIAN BOAT SONG.

Moderato.



1. Faint-ly as tolls the ev'ning chime, Our voi-ces keep tune, and our
2. Why should we yet our sail un-furl, There is not a breeze the blue
3. Ot-ta-wa's tide! this trembling moon, Shall see us float o-ver thy



oars keep time, Our voi-ces keep tune, and our oars keep time:
 wave to curl, There is not a breeze the blue wave to curl?
 surg-es soon, Shall see us float o-ver thy surg-es soon;



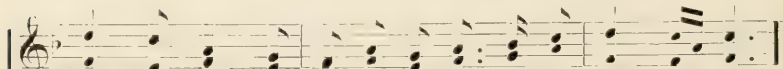
Soon as the woods on shore look dim, We'll sing at St. Ann's our parting hymn.
 But when the wind blows off the shore, Oh, sweetly we'll rest the wea-ry oar.
 Saint of this green isle, hear our pray'rs, Oh, grant us cool heav'ns and fav'ring airs.



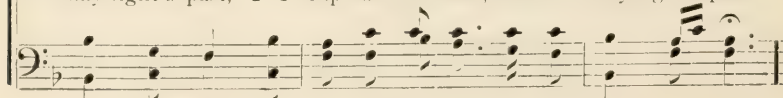
CHORUS.



Row, brothers, row, the stream runs fast, The rap-ids are near, and the



day-light's past, The rap-ids are near, and the day-light's past.



CHEER, BOYS, CHEER.

CHAS. MACKAY.

H. RUSSELL.

f Boldly.

1. Cheer, boys, cheer, no more of i - dle sor - row,
 2. Cheer, boys, cheer, the stead - y breeze is blow - ing,

D. C. Cheer, boys, cheer, for coun - try, moth - er coun - try,

Courage! true hearts shall bear us on our way;
 To float us free - ly o'er the o - cean's breast;

Cheer, boys, cheer the will - ing strong right hand,

Hope points be - fore and shows the bright to - mor - row;
 The world shall fol - low in the track we're go - ing,

Cheer, boys, cheer, there's wealth for hon - est la - bor,

Let us - for - get the dark - ness of to - day.
 The star of Em - pire glit - ters in the West.

Cheer, boys, cheer for the new and hap - py land.

Fine.

CHEER, BOYS, CHEER—Concluded.

p

So fare - well. Eng - land, much as we a - dore thee,
Here we had toil and lit - tle to re - ward it,

We'll dry the tears that we have shed be - fore;
But there shall plen - ty smile up - on our pain;

Why should we weep to sail in search of for - tune? So
And ours shall be the prai - rie and the for - est. And

D. C. al Fine.

fare - well. Eng - land! fare - well for ev - er - more.
bound - less mead - ows ripe, ripe with gold - en grain.

